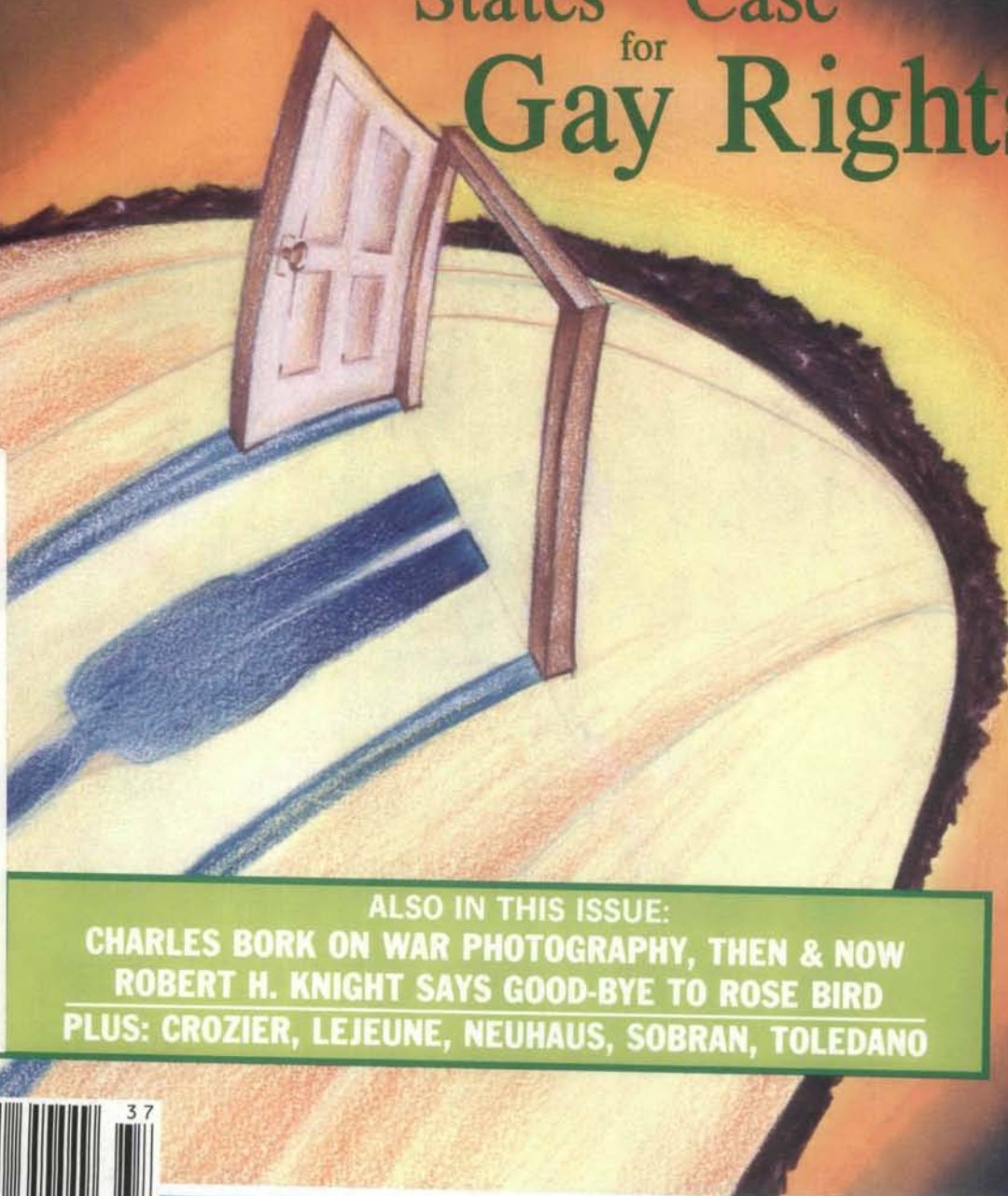


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NATIONAL REVIEW

A Conservative States the Case for Gay Rights



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ROBERT H. KNIGHT SAYS GOOD-BYE TO ROSE BIRD
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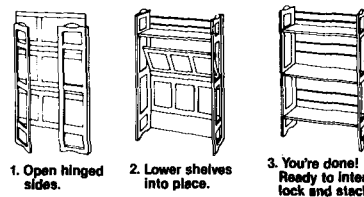
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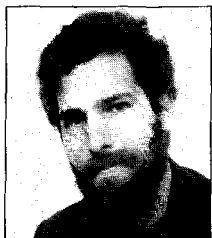
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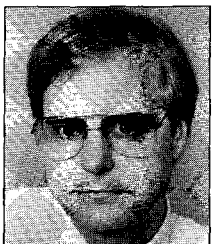
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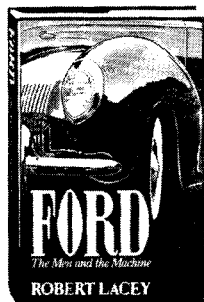
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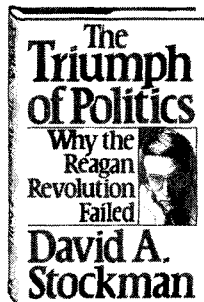
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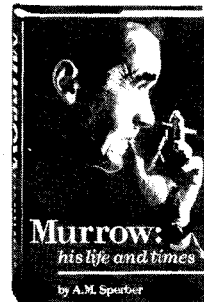
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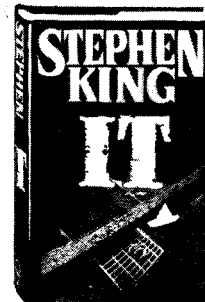
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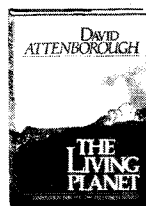
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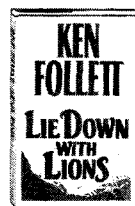
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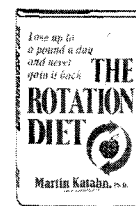
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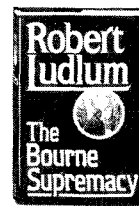
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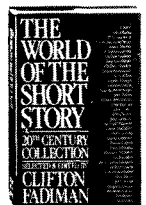
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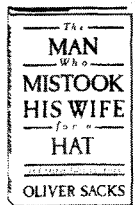
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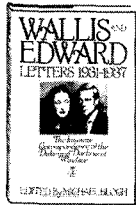
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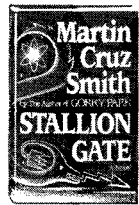
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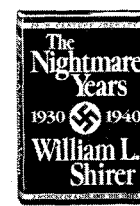
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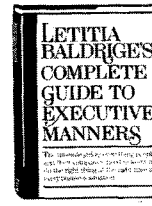
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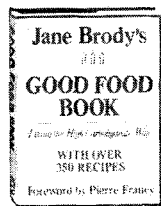
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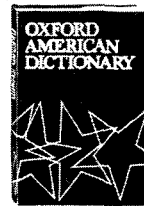
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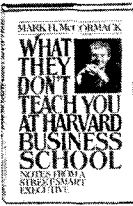
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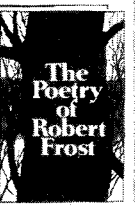
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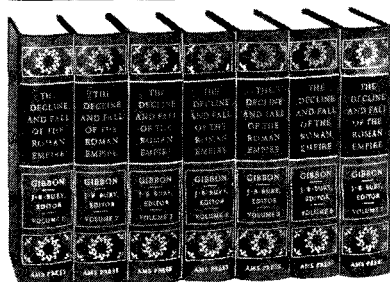
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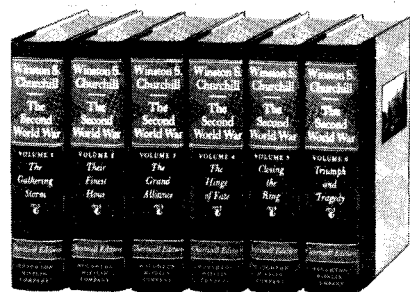
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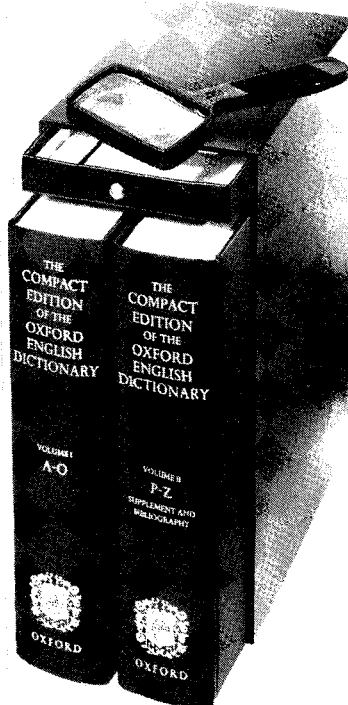
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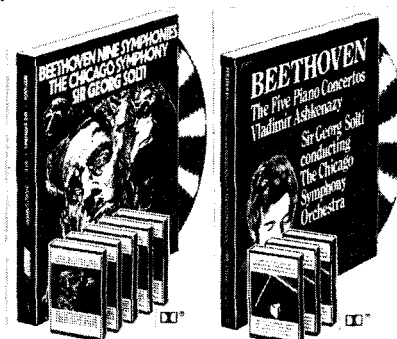


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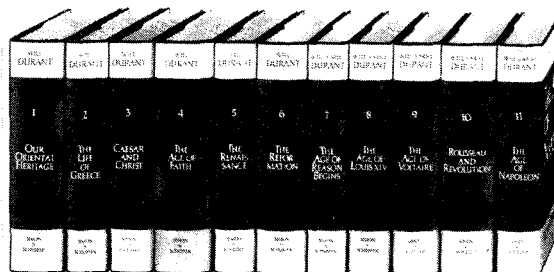
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LETTERS

Uncivil War

While we certainly seem poised at a point in our history at which a national decision on the abortion question must be made, I doubt it will prove as monumental as the crisis presided over by President Lincoln ["The Right to Life and the Restoration of the American Republic," by Lewis Lehrman, Aug. 29]. Abortion is a moral issue, while slavery was both a moral and an economic issue. What brought us to civil war was not so much the resolution of a moral dilemma as the conflict over economic interests. In this case, the only group that might threaten secession would be Planned Parenthood.

Beth Cantrell
Dallas, Tex.

Rather Leary

In his article, "The New Right and the New Pluralism" [May 23], David Wagner misstates my views on the Religious Right's positions on social issues and leaves readers with simplistic—and wrong—impressions.

Wagner paints me as scoffing at the millions of new evangelical political activists and their concerns, particularly those involving our schools and our courts. Nothing could be further from the truth. We can all agree our schools need to be better and our courts less political. However, I do not agree with a movement which exploits these concerns for fundraising appeal or whose leaders launched their careers by founding segregated academies.

Wagner also slides past the First Amendment by labeling those who oppose government aid to religious institutions as Soviet-sounding "collectivists," while supporters of this aid are somehow defenders of minority rights and the American Constitution.

The Religious Right's inherent fault is its view that cultural diversity is more of an albatross than an asset in American life. This does not mean evangelicals' concerns are less important than those with differing political philosophies; it simply means their remedies are devoid of the individual rights which they so ardently purport to defend.

Anthony T. Podesta
President
People for the American Way
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Wagner Replies

Mr. Podesta's scruples about fundraising appeals are not as convincing to me as they might have been if I had not read the PAW fundraising letter signed by Senator Lowell Weicker, a copy of which was given me by Mr. Podesta.

In opposing perceived efforts by evangelicals and other religious traditionalists to make their beliefs normative for all of American society, Mr. Podesta also opposes their efforts to keep their beliefs normative for themselves, which they must do in the schoolroom as well as in the living room. He doesn't want them to influence the public schools that they support with their taxes; but then neither does he want to make the private-education option feasible for them via education vouchers.

Considering his views on the vouchers issue, it is a real stunner that he still insists it is the Religious Right that fears diversity. There is no movement afoot in politics to make any kind of traditional religion normative through law. But there is a movement afoot that aims to preserve the integrity of the traditionalist religious groups in the face of a diverse society—and the organization Mr. Podesta works for was formed expressly to combat that movement.

David Wagner
Alexandria, Va.

Hyatt's Regency

In its coverage of Greg Hyatt's troubles in the Massachusetts gubernatorial race ["The Week," Aug. 1 and 15], *NR* failed to mention a couple of the points that tipped the balance against Hyatt.

After the charges of fraudulent petition signatures, it was not only the Democratic State Committee that called for Hyatt's withdrawal. Republican leaders, including many whose conservative credentials aren't questioned, were asking for Hyatt to withdraw. Among those was former State Representative John Gray, who said Hyatt admitted to him that he was aware of the forgeries.

The final blow for Hyatt occurred when he was heard on tape with an alleged mobster who was being wiretapped by the Federal Government. Hyatt failed to report some money he had received from this "family friend."

Kelley A. Dickinson
Avon, Mass.

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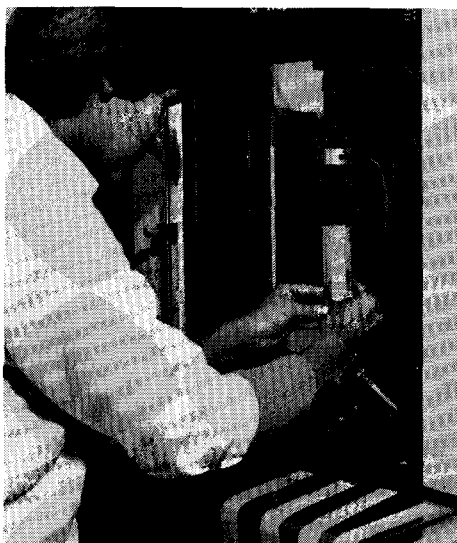
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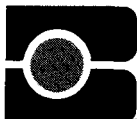
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Cam Ranh Away

Brian Crozier's column "In Troubled Waters" [July 18] does contain a minor error. Danang, not Cam Ranh, was called Tourane by the French. Facilities at Cam Ranh (either former French or U.S.) were minor until the large U.S. buildup in the summer of 1965. As a deep-water anchorage, Cam Ranh was well known, however. In 1905, during the Russo-Japanese War, the Russian Baltic fleet used the bay as an anchorage—on the way to defeat in the Tsushima Strait.

Both Danang and Cam Ranh can be expected to see heavy Soviet use. This is one of the consequences of losing a war.

*William Pitcher
Seattle, Wash.*

Selective Service

I must take issue with your report on the use of *Nomenklatura* personnel in Afghanistan ["The Week," July 18].

I believe you will find that the bulk of the fighting forces fielded by the Soviets are Tadzhiks, Azerbaijanis, and Kirghizes. The world has not seen crack, ethnic-Russian troops in action since Hungary, 1956. About the only ethnic-Russian military to be found in Afghanistan are higher-ranking line commanders and political commissars.

Should the Afghanistan venture drag on much longer, Moscow may decide to call in the first team, the *Nomenklatura*. For the present, however, it is the "scrubs" in action.

*Thomas C. Gordon
Mount Shasta, Calif.*

Well, It's West of the Hudson

Considering NATIONAL REVIEW's political bent, I would have thought your geography would be, if anything, skewed to the right. However, in Nika Hazelton's recent "Delectations" ["Babe Ruth and More," Aug. 1], she describes Cooperstown as located "in the western part of Upstate New York." Inasmuch as Cooperstown is located virtually at the intersection of New York Routes 28 and 80, less than two hours from Albany and a good four and one-half hours from Buffalo, it is most definitely in the eastern, or right-hand, portion of the state.

*Donald H. Zuckerman
Pound Ridge, N.Y.*

Carcinogenic Agents

After Chernobyl ["The Week," June 6], how long do you suppose it will be before the FDA gets around to banning Communism, now that it has been shown to cause cancer?

*Jerome S. Colburn
Champaign, Ill.*

Sven Rydenfelt

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SOCIALIST ECONOMIES IN CRISIS



Introduction by Milton Friedman

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attempts to make economic prosperity happen by design, by concerted government planning. All they have done is stifle prosperity. Economic growth is not something that is created by design but is something that occurs spontaneously when human energies are released from coercive restraints. Rydenfelt shows that socialist policies only widen those very restraints.

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FOR THE RECORD

With Labor Day upon us, the political battles of the fall get hot. Some good news for the GOP in the Senate: Victory of Rep. **Wyche Fowler** over **Hamilton Jordan** in Aug. 12 Georgia Democratic primary makes GOP Sen. **Mack Mattingly** the favorite in November, says political analyst **Stuart Rothenberg**. Mattingly should be able "to put together a coalition of suburban Republicans and conservative rural . . . Democrats," says Rothenberg, to offset Fowler's strength in Atlanta. Pre-primary polls showed Mattingly running twenty points ahead of Fowler, but only eight ahead of Jordan. . . . In Utah, Sen. **Jake Garn** looks forward to easy race against **Craig Oliver**, who won Aug. 20 primary. Garn led 75 per cent to 17 per cent in pre-primary polls. . . . In one of most interesting races ideologically—Republican Rep. **Ken Kramer** (ACU: 100) v. Democratic Rep. **Tim Wirth** (ACU: 0), for **Gary Hart's** seat—Kramer leads by seven points according to one poll, by one point according to another. . . . Successful answers to a Baltimore TV station's public-affairs poll has made former White House aide **Linda Chavez** the favorite in Maryland GOP primary for **Charles Mathias's** seat. Miss Chavez got 80 per cent score, against 30 per cent for her probable Democratic opponent, Rep. **Barbara Mikulski**. In same quiz **George Haley** (**Alex Haley's** brother), whose campaign was going nowhere, identified **Oliver Tambo**, head of South African ANC, as "**Sambo**." . . . In New York, Sen. **Alfonse D'Amato** is feeling safe. In pre-primary polls he runs roughly fifty points ahead of both liberal Democrat **Mark Green** and conservative Democrat **John Dyson**. And he'll get no trouble from Mayor **Ed Koch**, who said just the other day: "When I need to get something done that requires a terrier who will just throw himself into it, D'Amato will immolate himself if required." (It's the thought that counts!) . . . Incidentally, in New



"She's an ideal patient—never asks for a second opinion."

York, former gubernatorial candidate and conservative activist **Lewis Lehrman** is contemplating senatorial race in 1988 against Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**. Lehrman says he'll make up his mind by next spring.

By their votes shall ye know them: White House pressure made not that much difference on two **Dan Manion** roll-call votes, one in June, one in July. Hard-core GOP liberals **Charles Mathias**, **Arlen Specter** (Pa.), and **Lowell Weicker** (Conn.) voted nay both times. **Dan Evans** (Wash.), who had voted against Manion in June, reversed his field in July, but two other liberal Republicans, **Nancy Kassebaum** (Kan.) and **Robert Packwood** (Ore.), joined Messrs. Mathias, Specter, and Weicker in opposition for final roll call that narrowly confirmed Manion's nomination. . . . Scratch Al D'Amato from the Stout-Hearted-Men department on this one. While D'Amato voted for Manion both times, he urged **Reagan** to withdraw nomination after June vote and said he would vote

for Manion a second time, but only "with a heavy heart." . . . On the Democratic side, the lone pro-Manion voices were **Russell Long** (La.) and **Howell Heflin** (Ala.). . . . On the Contra-aid vote, 11 Democrats, nine of them from South/Southwest, voted aye. The other two were **Bill Bradley** (N.J.) and **Alan Dixon** (Ill.). . . . Things could go better with Reagan judicial appointments now that ABA president-elect **Eugene C. Thomas** has decided not to reappoint **John D. Lane** to ABA's judicial-selection panel.

Costa Rica reportedly plans to charge Nicaragua with violations of its frontiers before World Court in The Hague. Foreign Ministry spokesman **Rivera** says Nicaragua's history of violations of Costa Rican air space goes back to late 1980. . . . When asked about the estimated six thousand political prisoners held in Nicaraguan jails, Interior Minister **Tomás Borge** said the number was exaggerated—actually only 1,800 are being held, and what's more, seven hundred of those have been sentenced in court. . . . Despite heightened political unrest in Chile against Gen. **Augusto Pinochet's** authoritarian regime, a recent Flacso poll shows major concern of Chileans is the economy (64 per cent); only 15 per cent worry about the dictatorship, and 2 per cent about abuses of civil rights. . . . While **Robert Mugabe** was upbraiding **Margaret Thatcher** on South African sanctions at Commonwealth meeting, back home in Harare his ministers were signing an important new international trade agreement with Pretoria. . . . In heated debate in ABA over whether to continue ties with Association of Soviet Lawyers (ASL), Harvard Prof. **Alan Dershowitz** carried ball for the cut-ties side, characterizing ASL as "the most disreputable professional association on the face of the earth." Despite which, ABA voted to keep up ties. . . . Attention philatelists: To celebrate the glorious raising of the Berlin Wall 25 years ago, East Germany is putting out a commemorative stamp.

Can't Keep a Good Woman Down: When San Francisco Arts Theater received stock rights for **Clare Boothe Luce's** *The Women*, they came with stipulation that "all 35 female roles *must* be played by females."

The price of looking it up just went way down!

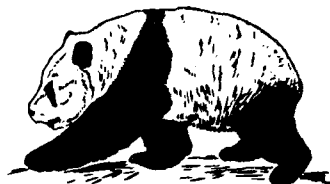
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THE WEEK

□ Senator Moynihan accuses us of slowly pulling out of the United Nations, and warns that it will “self-destruct” if we do, which is why we should, in which regard the Birchers were twenty years ahead of their time, and yet we still dawdle.

□ Go away Rehnquist and Scalia, the current big fight is over the post of, hold your breath, U.S. Archivist. Can you, quick, quick, name the last U.S. Archivist? Of course not. But the current Reagan nominee, an intelligent and decent chap to the inexperienced gaze, is, unfortunately, a *sinner*. It doesn't matter that John Agresto has a PhD from Cornell, that he has taught at major universities, that he has published extensively on American history, or that he has performed admirably as acting chairman at the NEH. What matters is that he has a principled objection to reverse discrimination and racial and gender quotas. The NAACP and the other usual suspects are out to block him. The *New York Times* has actually editorialized against him. Liberal viciousness knows no bounds, and Ted Kennedy doubtless will be heard from on this one. But Agresto is probably going to be U.S. Archivist, and the Republic will survive.

□ Secretary of Labor William Brock is preparing legislation that will permit Americans to manufacture clothing commercially in their homes. They have been prevented from doing so for 45 years, during which time Italy, Hong Kong, and other benighted places have seized world markets with first-rate products manufactured at home. If this particular revolution picks up speed, the British may even overturn the 11 P.M. pub-closing time, instituted during World War I as a gesture of solidarity with the men at the Front, and rigidly enforced ever since. We are even, at last report, permitting people in Vermont to knit ski hats at home. The world turned upside down.

□ The Senate had half a mind to do something about foreign policy, and that's exactly how it did it. By a vote of 53 to 47, the Senate approved an aid package providing \$100 million to the Nicaraguan Democratic Resistance, marking the first time since June 1984 that the United States has provided military assistance to the Contras. But election-year pressures, August humidity, superstition, and the glare

of the television lights proved too much, and the chamber next voted 84 to 14 in favor of a South African sanctions package banning new investment; barring uranium, coal, steel, iron, textile, and agricultural imports; prohibiting petroleum or crude oil exports; and canceling airline landing rights. The package is not quite so bad as the House proposals (ban new loans, end all trade, withdraw all U.S. companies), but then the Senate is not quite so bad as the House, and, who knows, common sense may set in with cooler weather.

□ Jesse Jackson has broadcast a birthday message to the imprisoned South African revolutionary Nelson Mandela, urging him to “hold on just a little while longer, for you will become, in fact and *de jure*, by law and by custom, the head of state of South Africa.” Jackson delivered his “message of freedom” via Radio Havana.

□ The new Central American revolutionaries have much to learn from the old. When Daniel Ortega shut down *La Prensa*, he sent in his guards and took over the joint, an action that caused even Willy Brandt and the Socialist International to flinch. In Mexico, after 57 uninterrupted years in power, the ruling PRI does such things with greater finesse. Upset about the weekly *Impacto's* news stories, President de la Madrid's government recently sent soldiers to the *Impacto* office, but only to grab its safe. Then it cut down on the newsprint the paper could buy, demanded cash on the barrelhead for what paper it would sell, and in this way and that made life intolerable. In due course management capitulated, a new staff was installed, and *Impacto's* news columns today are redolent of praise of federal, state, and local governments. But did the government close down *Impacto*? Of course not. In Mexico, as is well known, there is freedom of speech and of the press. Comrade Ortega, take note.

□ Thanks to the efforts of Armando Valladares—the Cuban poet who spent 22 years in Castro's hellish prisons and lived to tell of his experiences—a European Coalition for Human Rights in Cuba is slowly coming into existence. Committees have been formed in Spain, France, Switzerland, Sweden, and Norway, with a sixth expected shortly in either Denmark or

Belgium. Their objective is to enlist the aid of the media, labor and religious leaders, and human-rights activists in order to bring international public opinion to bear on Cuba. To this end they gather and distribute information to the European press, conduct conferences with former political prisoners, and publish prison memoirs and related materials (including some smuggled-out manuscripts by those still incarcerated). There have been successes, as when, in 1983, Castro felt compelled to commute the death sentences of five workers charged with attempting to organize an independent trade union. And according to Valladares, as a result of the Coalition's work, not one prominent European intellectual today accepts Castro's gruesome lie that "in 25 years of revolution . . . torture has never been committed, a crime has never been committed."

□ South Africa, it has been said, is a political scientist's paradise. The diversity of the numerous societies that make it up, the complexity of its political structure, and the multi-layered texture of its history (both black and white) make it a land difficult to understand and easy to misinterpret. That is why the current hysteria on the issue is so unfortunate. Apartheid will eventually come to an end, but the timing and manner of its demise will be a crucial factor in determining whether or not blacks and whites will ever enjoy peace and freedom together in southern Africa. If the terrible oversimplifiers have their way, the end result will be hundreds of thousands of violent deaths and the rise of a post-apartheid regime in South Africa that will remind us of Idi Amin's or Mengistu Haile-Mariam's. In either case South Africans of every race may yet look back on the current troubled era with a certain wistfulness.

□ The French National Assembly recently adopted a bill that will pave the way for privatization. Sixty-five state-owned banks, insurance companies, and industrial groups will be put up for sale in stages, beginning with two or three by the end of the year. It's not quite as easy as it sounds, since President Mitterrand, an opponent of the bill, forced through a provision requiring each privatization plan to be debated indi-

vidually in parliament, rather than enacted by administrative decree. Socialist nationalization cost France 18 billion francs in losses in 1984 (up from six billion in 1981); the government's share of the economy (36 per cent) is nearly twice the corresponding share in Italy, nearly three times that in West Germany.

□ Okay, New York is a dirty city. It's not hard to find a pornographic theater or a street-corner drug peddler. It's also not uncommon to trip over a man or woman sleeping on the street. The Soviets couldn't resist the opportunity: They have made a film, purportedly a tour of New York from the point of view of a jobless, homeless man, called *The Man from Fifth Avenue*. Meet the star, Joseph Mauri. TASS calls him a man "who first lost his job and then also became homeless." Mauri himself complains, "My human rights were denied to me, I'm being put on the street." It is true that Mauri was evicted from his apartment last year by a landlady who wanted to use it as a sewing room. But what is not revealed in the movie is that Mauri, having lost one apartment, still holds the lease on another, at 71st and Columbus, in the heart of Yuppie Heaven. He also rents a New York hotel room. The former is rent-stabilized, and the latter is 70 per cent subsidized by the city. He has a part-time job, too, at the *New York Times*. He seldom chooses to work (citing "chronic hepatitis"), but should he desire to, his shop steward says, he could make \$35,000 a year. Perhaps a modest proposal is in order: If Mauri wants to feed the hungry, let him provide the meal.

□ Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, acting for the Vatican, has denied a professor at Catholic University, the Reverend Charles E. Curran, the privilege of continuing to teach as a Catholic theologian. Father Curran departs from Church teaching on divorce, contraception, and abortion, all of which he regards as in some instances permissible. But more broadly he thus has a deviant view of Church authority. Obviously the Catholic Church has every right to decide what its teachings are and who can speak in its name. The Curran case, however, does raise the vexed question of the nature of the university and its relationship to a body of fixed doctrine. This may be one of those questions that have no answer.

□ DEPARTMENT OF IDLE CURIOSITY: Movement folk seem to have a limitless supply of death masks and monkey faces for peace and animal-rights campaigns. Where *do* they get them? Is some capitalist turning an obscene profit catering to the wackos?

□ Ken Kesey, novelist and Merry Prankster, is making a comeback of sorts with *Demon Box*, his first book since Tom Wolfe wrote him up in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* back in—gosh!—the Sixties. He's been

The Democrats Smell an Issue

It does have an odor, but let's not rehash
The issues that triggered the '29 Crash;
Suffice to report, where the cotton mills hum,
Protectionist talk leaves Republicans numb,
With many a congressman fearing the boot
As Tip disinters Messrs. Hawley and Smoot.

W. H. VON DREELE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

WHAT'S HAPPENED to Jack Danforth's political smarts? Last week, at precisely the worst possible time, the GOP senator from Missouri wanted to postpone a final vote on tax reform, declaring: "The orderly way to go about doing something is to know about what we are doing before we do it." As it happened, it was late at night and "order" was the last barometer anyone was paying attention to. "Not every jot or tittle of the conference report was liked by everybody," said one senior staffer. "But when the deal is done, the deal is done."

Danforth is touchy on the final reform product because two of Missouri's biggest employers are defense contractors, McDonnell Douglas and General Dynamics, both of which failed to get their accounting provisions into the tax-reform bill. "Jack looks like he's holding up the national interest just to help two companies in his own state, neither of which is known to be hurting," says a Midwestern Senate colleague. "The Ralston Purina heir looks like the point man for big business, big defense business at that, and with no cover. How flaky can you get?" Answer: No limit yet in sight. Watch for the multimillionaire senator to filibuster against the tax reform in September.

Has anyone noticed that Ronald Reagan's four key (and very able) arms-

control negotiators in Geneva and Moscow are all Democrats? To wit: Richard Perle, Assistant SecDef, who is calling the shots; Perle's close friend, Max Kampelman, chief negotiator; Paul Nitze, head of the U.S. arms team; and arms-control advisor Edward Rowny. (Former Senator John Tower of Texas, who had been the sole Republican of rank, resigned in March.) Is arms-negotiation bi-partisanship being writ too large? Or is it that Republicans suffer from brain dearth?

Republican résumés for the 1988 presidential election are piling up: Kemp, Dole, Baker, Laxalt, Robertson, Haig, Armstrong. Add to the list New Jersey's popular governor, Thomas Kean. In 1981, Kean won the statehouse by the smallest margin in New Jersey history. In 1985, he won by the biggest. By focusing on education and jobs, Kean took 70 per cent of the total vote, 43 per cent of registered Democrats, two-thirds of all union households, and an astounding 60 per cent of blacks. "Kean's picking off Democratic issues," says one nervous Democratic activist here. "A Republican who can get our votes in such numbers scares us to death." Insiders predict Kean could get big national money if he took the leap.

Kean may be eyeing the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, however, viz., the U.S. Senate, and an '88 run against Democratic Senator Frank Lautenberg. In 1982, Lautenberg scored an upset victory over the patrician Representative Millicent Fenwick. Working hard since then on issues ranging from Superfund to drunk-driving laws, Lauten-

berg is seen as having built himself a strong base. Yet Kean is so popular that even Lautenberg's staffers believe a Lautenberg/Kean race would be tight.

But there's a mechanical hitch for the tall, WASPy governor. Kean's term isn't up until 1989, and New Jersey has no lieutenant governor. Thus, should Kean surrender the governorship in order to challenge Lautenberg, it would be the Democratically controlled State Assembly that would choose his successor. This explains why Kean is pushing to get a lieutenant governorship created.

Kean is also seen here as possible vice-presidential material but, as one handicapper notes, "He only pairs well with Dole," which makes him a long shot on that basis alone. In any case, the Republican governor of New Jersey, endorsed by Coretta Scott King, bears watching.

President Reagan's decision to reimburse exporters who buy wheat at U.S. prices and then sell it to the Soviets at lower world prices won't help House Republicans this fall, but it could be a plus for two shaky GOP senators, James Abdnor of South Dakota and Mark Andrews of North Dakota. But was the move worth it? It disaffected Argentina, Australia, and Canada. And don't ask George Shultz, who pronounced the subsidy "ridiculous" and the occasion of "chortling" in the Soviet Union. Political strategists here, judging the action politically rather than morally, tend to side with the Great Communicator, who, they say, is on the road to gaining a new title, the Great Pragmatist. —CATO

tending his Oregon farm, and he hasn't changed much. Still believes in LSD, taken in moderation. But he draws the line at heroin and cocaine. "That bleep has killed my friends," he told the *Wall Street Journal*. "There's blood on those drugs." It had to happen: The drug culture has an extreme right wing.

□ One green-eye-shade type we won't be hiring to figure out the new tax bill is Phillip Fry, self-described "tax expert" and author of *Pay No Income Taxes without Going to Jail*, who was recently convicted of tax fraud and sentenced to five years.

□ You know things have gone too far when the Senate chaplain begins a session with the invocation,

"I pray for the people watching the Senate on television."

□ With George Bush's luck, he'll fail his drug test.

□ While we're at it, how about making Michael Deaver take a drug test?

□ Call it the perfect sexist crime. A woman standing on a street corner in San Francisco was grabbed, dragged into a man's car, driven to his apartment, and forced to wash the dishes. . . . The victim escaped.

□ Hendrik Hertzberg, an editor of *The New Republic*,

predicts that Mark Green will, yes will, win the Democratic nomination and defeat Alfonse D'Amato for the New York Senate seat. If Hertzberg is a betting man, this is an offer you can't refuse.

And in Michigan . . .

IN MICHIGAN'S nearly indecipherable pre-precinct delegate-selection process, nothing was clear except that supporters of each candidate—Bush, Kemp, and Robertson—seemed to be intent on proving that the results were damaging to the other two.

Some Bush supporters, acting on their own, went out of their way to create a scare about TV evangelist Pat Robertson. They were scared themselves. "Help keep religion out of politics," their palm cards urged. In fact, the theme of church-state separation is a rhetorical cover for the interest of one side in a struggle for power within the GOP. Evans and Novak report that Republican regulars are distressed at the prospect of an evangelical takeover of the state party.

Kevin Phillips's *American Political Report* suggests that Robertson's problem may go deeper than that, however. Phillips says that Robertson has created both a movement and a backlash, since even many evangelical Protestants dislike the idea of a clergyman jumping directly into presidential politics.

To take this analysis a step further, Robertson could turn out to be the Jesse Jackson of the Republican Party: leading a powerful constituency the party can't do without, while polarizing the rest of the electorate against him. Phillips thinks the likely result is to bolster the ambitions of Colorado's Senator William Armstrong—who "represents a more moderate 'born-again' Christian conservatism." Armstrong is a loyal Republican with plenty of political experience. He might be able to hold evangelicals without estranging others.

Bush-Armstrong in '88?

Muddle

TAKE HAROLD BROWN, Melvin Laird, Brent Scowcroft, James Schlesinger, and Cyrus Vance. Shake them together in a bottle and pour out the least common denominator of their weakest thinking on nuclear weapons and arms control. You will have created a puddle of muddle.

That, at least, is what these five gentlemen have recently sent to President Reagan, in the form of a 3,500-word "talking paper." The paper proposes, among other things, that the United States build the Midgetman missile (small missiles for small security), negotiate a ten-year moratorium on the testing of space-based weapons (don't just stand there, do nothing), and continue to abide by the SALT II treaty (if it ain't fixed, don't break it).

The only philosophical thread lending any coherence at all to this muddle is the authors' evident commitment to the madness of mutual assured destruction. Former Cabinet officers do not like to admit that someone may have found a new and promising approach to an old problem. Their case is based on a conviction that the threat of nuclear retaliation remains a better way to deter the Soviets than any U.S. effort to deploy active strategic defenses.

Consider the five wise men's advocacy of a ten-year moratorium on the testing of space-based defensive systems. As the Soviets have proposed a 15-year moratorium on deployment of such systems and Reagan has suggested seven and a half years, perhaps the authors felt compelled to stake out a middle position—firmly entrenched between two bad proposals. The only value of such a moratorium would be to give the Soviets time to catch up in the relevant technologies. This will enable us to spend the first decade of the twenty-first century worrying about Soviet invulnerability instead of about U.S. vulnerability (the topic of the 1970s and 1980s, after the Soviets had caught up with and surpassed the United States in deployment of MIRVed missiles, a technology they were never supposed to master). We Yankees have an ingrained, if odd, sense of fairness.

The five also advocate that the nation proceed with development and procurement of the Midgetman missile, the single-warhead mobile missile recommended by the Scowcroft Commission more than three years ago. That Scowcroft would stand by the recommendations of Scowcroft on this point is understandable, but the other four should really know better. The one-warhead Midgetman system is in such disrepute in the Pentagon that there is little chance of its ever being built unless the politicians force it on the military. It is, in a nutshell, the most expensive means ever devised by man to deliver a single bomb to a single target. Why should the United States build five hundred new and expensive missiles to deliver five hundred bombs, when fifty additional MXs would do the same trick for far less money? And just imagine the protests when the first mobile Midgetman goes through your neighborhood. The Gang of Five is talking nonsense.

Socking It to Business

If, April 15th, you go on a tear
When your accountant finds zilch to declare,
Cheers! But remember those businessmen who
Turn shades of puce, purple, mauve, and deep blue.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Tax Revolt Lives

WHEN HOWARD JARVIS teamed up with Paul Gann to limit property taxes in California, few people dreamed that the tax revolt would spread to Washington, D.C. But it has. When Congress returns from its August recess, it is expected to pass a tax-reform bill that cuts the top individual tax rate from 50 per cent to under 40, and the top corporate rate from 46 to 34 per cent.

The measure is billed as being revenue-neutral: That is, it is not supposed to increase or decrease federal tax revenues. But no one knows whether it will or not. On the one hand, closing the tax loopholes will not bring the added revenues that are assumed by the joint committee on taxation. The reason: The committee assumes that eliminating loopholes will have zero effect on investment in tax-sheltered activities. Possibly the committee's most unrealistic assumption is that increasing the top tax rate on long-term capital gains from 20 to 28 per cent will not affect investment behavior. This in spite of the fact that the cut in capital-gains tax rates in 1978 dramatically increased the revenues from that tax.

On the other hand, the committee also assumes that the drop in individual rates will not cause people to work harder, to surface from the underground economy, or to spend less on tax-deductible activities. Yet we know that tax cuts cause people to do all three, and that all three will increase tax revenues. That is why Harvard economist Lawrence B. Lindsey found that the 1981 tax cut led to a smaller drop in revenue than would have been predicted by the joint committee's methods.

To be sure, not all of the tax bill's effects will be good. The virtual elimination of Individual Retirement

Accounts for higher-income taxpayers will hurt saving, just when those provisions were starting to have a beneficial effect. And the large increase in corporate taxes—owing to the loss of the investment tax credit, among other provisions—is a riverboat gamble with our industrial base. To the extent that it makes us less competitive internationally, the tax bill will increase pressure for harmful protectionist measures. But on net, the bill is definitely a symbolic plus, and probably a substantive one as well.

Howard Jarvis will not be around to see the tax-reform bill become law. He died on August 12 at age 82. But his influence is still with us.

Repealing Socialism

THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO, by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, laid out ten interim measures for moving developed countries toward Communism. By the mid 1950s we had implemented, in whole or in part, eight of the ten planks.

Marx and Engels called for: 1) abolition of property in land and application of all rents of land to public purposes; 2) a heavy progressive or graduated income tax; 3) abolition of all right of inheritance; 4) confiscation of the property of all emigrants and rebels; 5) centralization of credit in the hands of the state, by means of a national bank with state capital and an exclusive monopoly; 6) centralization of the means of communication and transport in the hands of the state; 7) extension of factories and instruments of production owned by the state; the bringing into cultivation of waste lands, and the improvement of the soil generally in accordance with a common plan; 8) equal obligation of all to work; establishment of industrial armies, especially for agriculture; 9) combination of agriculture

with manufacturing industries; gradual abolition of the distinction between town and country, by a more equable distribution of the population throughout the nation; 10) free education for all children in public schools; abolition of child factory labor in its present form; combination of education with industrial production.

We implemented, at least to some extent, all but numbers 4 and 9: 1) Although we can still own land, zoning laws and rent controls radically infringe our right to use it. 2) By 1954, the top income-tax rate was 91 per cent. 3) Estate taxes were very high. By 1976, the top rate was 77 per cent. Only estates under \$60,000 were exempt. 5) The Federal Government has a



Mike Deaver's Secret Painting

totally fiat money. 6) With the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 and subsequent laws, and with the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938, the Federal Government centralized control of surface transportation and of airlines. Local governments generally control taxis, and they took over mass transit. The Feds also decided who got licenses to operate radio and television frequencies, and even regulated broadcasting content. 7) Governments in the U.S. are now entrenched in the following industries: agriculture, health insurance, retail liquor, electric power, timber, water supply, and oil production and storage. 8) The "industrial army," to Marx and Engels, meant compulsory labor. Although we avoided servitude in most sectors of the economy, between 1948 and 1973 the U.S. Government conscripted young men for military service. 10) All children are eligible for, and most attend, "free" public schools.

Now the good news: In the last 22 years, we have partially *repealed* five of the eight planks: 2) The income tax is much less graduated. The tax cut proposed by President Kennedy and finally implemented in 1964 lowered the top marginal rate from 91 per cent to 70 per cent. President Reagan lowered it further to 50 per cent, and the current tax reform will bring it even lower. 3) Estate taxes are less confiscatory. The top federal rate is now 50 per cent. Beginning in 1987, the Feds won't even touch estates under \$600,000. 5) Integration of international financial markets over the last twenty years limits government control of money and credit. 6) President Carter substantially deregulated surface freight transportation and totally deregulated entry, exit, and fares of airlines. Reagan has loosened licensing restrictions for radio and TV broadcasters and is reducing government control over content. 8) The military draft has been abolished.

In short, we are repealing socialism. Marx and Engels, if alive today, would ask: "Ain't it awful?"

A Keynesian Myth

HAVE BUSINESS cycles been less severe since World War II than they were before World War I? Most economists think so. Keynesians attribute this apparent greater stability to government fine-tuning. But three new scholarly studies by economist Christina Romer of Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School say it just isn't so. The studies—one in the *American Economic Review*, one in the *Journal of Political Economy*, and one yet to be published—show that the usual comparisons between the two time periods are invalid, because they are based on different measures.

For example, the data on industrial production for the earlier period are for basic manufactured commodities, whose output swings wildly with the business cycle. But the measure for the more recent period

includes production of finished goods, which is much less volatile. Miss Romer shows that if one uses the same production measure for both time periods, the post-World War II period is only slightly more stable.

The same holds true for data on unemployment and on gross national product. Both show excessive volatility during the earlier period largely because of the way they are measured. Miss Romer concludes: "We can no longer simply assert that government stabilization policy is obviously effective."

Black-Ribbon Time

IMAGINE THE scene as Paul Johnson has sketched it in *Modern Times*: "Ribbentrop reported: 'It felt like being among old party comrades.' . . . Stalin toasted Hitler . . . There was the sudden discovery of a community of aims, methods, manners, and, above all, of morals. As the tipsy killers lurched about the room, fumblingly hugging each other, they resembled nothing so much as a congregation of rival gangsters, who had fought each other before, and might do so again, but were essentially in the same racket."

The event was the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression agreement of 1939 (in reality a mutual-aggression pact against Poland, the invasion of which nine days later marked the official beginning of war). Its anniversary is now upon us; August 23 is being observed in rallies across the world as International Black Ribbon Day, organized by a Canadian committee that plans to make it an annual observance.

The centerpiece of the project is the airing of two commercials on Canadian television for two weeks prior to the anniversary: "Today," one of them says, "three hundred million Europeans live and work behind the barbed wire of the Iron Curtain. Today, Soviet Communists are doing to Afghanistan what the Nazi blitzkrieg did to Poland. . . . Wear a black ribbon . . . to honor those who have lost their precious freedom—and to cherish ours."

Many Happy Returns

CAN THE Berlin Wall be 25 years old already? It seems like only yesterday that John Kennedy, having flinched at the Bay of Pigs, backed down before the East Germans, who were prepared to back down themselves at the least sign of Western resolve.

Under the circumstances, it's odd for the *New York Times* to refer to the Wall as "that ignoble monument to Communism's failure." Communism hasn't failed: On its own terms, it has been quite successful. Calling it a flop is a way of refusing to face the magnitude of its advances and of the peril it poses.

Erich Honecker, the East German Party boss, doesn't regard the Wall as anything to be ashamed

When the Clergy Rules

Though Bourbon heirs too young to rule
Found cardinals a useful tool,
The contra-indications seem
(Rasputin comes to mind) extreme;
So flee mad mullahs, please, and shun
The Reverend Pat Robertson.

W. H. VON DREELE

of. He led its birthday festivities, proclaiming that the Wall had "saved peace, . . . preserved the liberty of our people, and laid the foundations for the sustained prosperity of our socialist state."

That last claim is true. The Wall prevented the exodus of millions of talented Germans and has made East Germany the most prosperous country in the Soviet bloc.

The Wall has been a triumph in another sense: It has helped not only to weaken the West's will but to cloud its moral perception, as power and success will do. John P. Burgess, writing in *The Christian Century*, doles out the blame evenhandedly:

Yet, as much as the Wall divides the two Germanies, recent visits to Berlin have convinced me that it does just as much to unify them. . . . Every President since John F. Kennedy has declared that the Wall betrays the evil nature of Communism. The United States sees the Wall as a Communist "plot" rather than as a disturbing symbol of the sins of East and West. Western diplomats still refuse to acknowledge the Wall as an international border . . . Washington and Moscow will be able to begin help in healing the wound only if they will stop assigning blame for the scar . . .

This is the kind of talk that gives Honecker good reason to celebrate.

Afghan Prospects

A FRIEND OF ours dropped by the other day with some well-informed thoughts on Afghanistan . . .

Saudi and American aid to the freedom-fighters (he said) has been diverted by corruption on a grand scale. The CIA has completely failed to keep close track and give a good accounting. This is a pity, because the Soviets are on the verge of real disaster. A few thousand German-made grenade launchers, which are deadly accurate at two hundred yards and can strike at up to nearly twice that distance, would be a cheap way of decimating the Soviet officer corps.

Even so, the Soviets are in deep trouble. They're trying to control an area the size of Texas with about 100,000 men. It can't be done—not when the natives are thoroughly hostile. You can't occupy a country

successfully without a lot of willing cooperation from the native population. Ruthlessness alone just won't do it. This isn't "their" Vietnam. It's much worse. They aren't buying or charming the Afghans. They have nothing to offer but death. They kill, mutilate, and terrorize.

And the Soviets want out. Dissatisfaction with the war has broken into the Soviet media. This doesn't mean a grass-roots-style protest: It means there's division in the ruling circles themselves. Somebody is going to pay for this mess.

Time is on the Afghans' side. All we have to do is give a little nudge, provide a little help. This is a war—a war of national liberation, if you like—that we can win on the cheap.

Intractable

THE AUGUST ISSUE of *The Atlantic* carries a discreet paean to Sandinismo—"that most intractable thing, a new kind of faith"—by Conor Cruise O'Brien. O'Brien stops short of embracing the faith himself, but his report on his recent trip to Nicaragua displays what might be called *anima naturaliter sandinista*.

He fairly gloats that loyalty to the traditional Catholic Church is on the wane, despite the efforts of the Pope and Cardinal Obando y Bravo. Marxism, he says, is now "recessive" within the Sandinista government, and "the Christian revolutionary element is becoming dominant." He scoffs at the notion that the regime is a Soviet puppet (or could become one), and he suggests that the harassment of the traditional Church ("unpleasant enough, to be sure," he concedes) hardly amounts to anything that could be called persecution. What's going on, he says, is that "faith and fatherland" are becoming one—just as in Poland. And the "profound originality of Sandinismo" may make it a model for other countries: "Managua is a potential Geneva for Latin America." "This is no Gulag state," he says firmly; it may be a one-party regime—so what else is new?—but its yoke is easy, its burden is light.

A less exquisite hypothesis is that the Communists haven't been able to consolidate total control yet. But the Sandinistas do seem to be obeying the stubborn genetic code, as far as that's feasible in a country that can't easily be sealed off from its neighbors. More than a tenth of the population has fled. *La Prensa*, the last independently owned newspaper, has been shut down, after years of intense bullying by the state. Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega has been exiled, and another outspoken priest, Monsignor Bismarck Carballo, has been denied re-entry to Nicaragua. A documentary about the Miskito Indians, recently aired on New York's public-TV station, reports that Sandinista forces have destroyed 49 villages, bombing, machine-gunning, hanging, and even burning alive the in-

habitants. (A Capuchin missionary, by the way, was shown saying the Indians had never been molested by the Contras.) John Corry, reviewing the program for the *New York Times*, calls it “a devastating indictment” of the Sandinistas.

On the evidence, the “most intractable thing” still seems to be Communism.

Spain: Fifty Years Ago

IN LONDON that summer a journalist named Luis Bolín chartered a Dragon Rapide from the Olley Airways Company of Croydon. In the Canary Islands the commander, General Francisco Franco, studied reports from Spain as the nation slid precipitately toward civil war. Franco theretofore had resisted involvement in political plots, but now the need seemed urgent. The Communists, socialists, and anarchists were at least temporarily working together. On July 12, the conservative parliamentary leader Calvo Sotelo was murdered by the Left. The speeches made in the Cortés by the Communist known as La Pasionaria dripped with gore. Churches were burning, and murder had become commonplace. On July 18, anti-leftist nationalist risings occurred throughout Spain, succeeding here (Seville), failing there (Barcelona), with fighting of astonishing savagery. In the summer dawn of July 19, Franco, dressed in civilian clothes, arrived at Tetuán in Morocco to take command of the forces there. Mussolini supplied the planes that took them across the Strait of Gibraltar, and they fought their way north toward Madrid.

Franco—whatever democratic opinion of him at the time—was not a totalitarian but a kind of authoritarian regent for the wrecked Spanish constitutional monarchy. Nor was he anti-Semitic; indeed, recent studies

have documented the exceptional lengths to which he went to get Jews out of Nazi Europe.

Franco was no democrat. His Spain nevertheless provided many of the ordinary freedoms of life apart from politics, and in his long reign he provided the political stability that lay behind the Spanish prosperity of the 1950s and 1960s, and built a Spanish middle class. He gave Juan Carlos his political education. The present prime minister, Felipe González, is a Socialist, but not really. He is a European moderate democrat who favors NATO and the Common Market. Spain is not yet out of the historical woods, but to the extent that it is, Franco—not the International Brigades—deserves much of the credit.

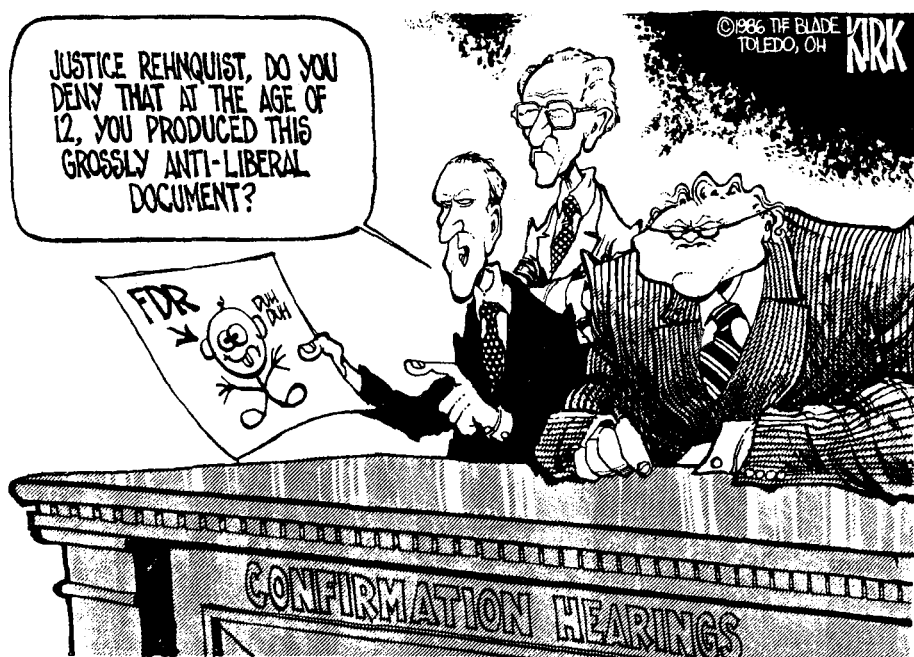
Wyeth, Yes

PERHAPS THE last question asked during all the hubbaloos over Andrew Wyeth’s “secret” paintings is the best: Is Wyeth really an artist at all? Such redoubtable critics as Hilton Kramer said no: Wyeth is not an artist, he’s an illustrator (to which former curator and party-giver Henry Geldzahler added the chorus: “His skies have no vapor trails, his people have no wristwatches”). The rest of the world, however, begged to differ. Our friends Wick Allison and Jeff Schaire—publisher and editor of *Art & Antiques*, which disclosed the Helga paintings to the world—answered the question with an emphatic yes.

Wyeth’s secrecy is itself testimony to his integrity. And, far from being a commercial ploy by Betsy Wyeth, as some of the sillier editorialists have suggested, the excitement the paintings caused, though intensified by the media, was a real reaction to a kind of art the world has wanted for years. Wyeth put it best himself. We’ve been missing the kind of painting “you can really enjoy,” he said, and he cited, as examples, the work of Picasso, Henry Moore, and Franz Kline.

Imagine what would happen if a large body of work by any other artist of our time suddenly appeared. Who would care? If Robert Motherwell, for example, had labored secretly for years on “private” works—collages, say, that utilized wrappers from Hostess Twinkies rather than Gauloise cigarettes. Hilton Kramer might find that of great moment. But the rest of us?

The story has been told that Motherwell, when he taught, began his courses by drawing a large chalk circle on a blackboard. “This is the circle of Modernism,” he is reported to have said. “If you fall



within the circle, or even on the perimeter, then we can communicate. But if you are outside, then we cannot talk at all." It is attitudes like this that have made the art establishment so peripheral to most people today. Such painters as Wyeth and Edward Hopper make their own circles.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Bill:

The current issue of *NR* has conferred a posthumous marquessate on the father of Lord Shinwell, recently dead at 101. That is the only inference to make from the reference to Lord Emanuel Shinwell. Such a style would be borne only by a younger son of a duke or a marquess. One could have styled him simply Lord Shinwell, or, following common practice, and with contingent revisions noting his elevation, Emanuel Shinwell. The latter is fairly common with those who attain celebrity before peerage, as in the case of the late third Earl Russell.

I mention this because this sort of *gaffe* must give Blackford Oakes considerable discomfort.

In this connection, my allotted time for serious literature is so little that I have only just read *Hasta Luego, Caimán*. Much the best, and demonstrating what probably has already been demonstrated, that you would command a ready sale in the thriller market even under a pseudonym.

As ever,
Sam [McCracken]
Office of the President
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sam: 1) Thanks. Should keep these things straight. I remember reading (somewhere) that Allen Tate complained to a friend that while editing the *Sewanee Review* he used to receive letters signed merely, "Faulkner." "I never knew anyone except a British lord who signs himself with surname alone." One picks up these little things, never having had a course in them. 2) *Gracias, amigo*. Cordially, Bill

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While watching *Firing Line* yesterday (guest: Walter B. Wriston), I happened to observe something peculiar about the guest examiner, Mr. Michael Kinsley. During your excellent reply to Mr. Kinsley's argument that it is boring to keep repeating the advantages of the free market and of private enterprise, I noticed that the button on the left of his shirt collar was not fastened.

Now, the question I have is this: Was Mr. Kinsley's unbuttoned shirt collar a *faux pas* or was it his first

chance to exhibit a new liberal status symbol? This intrigues me, for if the latter happens to be the case, I am curious as to what might come next as a symbol of liberalism. Perhaps it will be leaving one's shoes untied. Then the liberals can trip over their feet as well as over their words and ideas.

Cordially yours,
Tracey C. Green
Campobello, S.C.

Dear Mr. Green: We have checked with Mr. Kinsley, and he advises that when he gets older and sees the light, he will signal his conversion. Look for left buttoned, right unbuttoned. Cordially, WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I want to share a light moment concerning your fine publication. While we were helping students find sources of information in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, a student turned to me and asked if this library subscribes to *National Revolution*. I looked at the *Readers' Guide* entry he was trying to interpret, to find "Nat Rev."

Sincerely yours,
Judy Martin
Head Librarian
South Salem High School
Salem, Ore.

□ Memo to: WFB

From: DTK/DLO

Re: Apparent disappearance of one Sally Partridge

It has come to our attention, being connoisseurs of the Buckley literary art form, that a certain charming young student of English literature is almost nowhere to be found in your current opus. Please advise; has she a) been lost in *Mansfield Park*? b) taken up with another agent? (Can we trust Trust?) or c) become the victim of literary oversight?

If none of the above, and Miss Partridge is nowhere to be found, may we offer our services as sleuths? All inquiries will be confidential, and correspondence extremely witty.

Eagerly awaiting your reply,
Donna L. Owen
David T. Kamioner
Schloss Moerhingen
West Germany

P.S.: Shall we look in a pear tree?

Dear Miss Owen and Mr. Kamioner: It is true that Sally Partridge took a sabbatical in *High Jinx*. What she was up to, however, my friend Blackford declines to disclose. But he promises that in #8 (due January 1988), she has irredentist plans. Cordially, —WFB

HANDICAPPING HART

ON THIS CITY'S 365-day, 24-hour, always-running political track, the handicappers are out early. Two years early to be exact, as they clock the presidential horses in the dawn of the 1988 campaign. On the Democratic side, eyes are still on Gary Hart. With Teddy's early withdrawal, Hart holds a solid lead in the polls, several lengths ahead of New York Governor Mario Cuomo.

To handicap Hart, target on these factors:

1. *Leader of the pack.* "Hart is a genuine front-runner," says Bill Carrick, senior aide to ex-front-runner Teddy Kennedy. "He's had a terrific year both inside and outside the Senate." Hart came out of the 1984 fight with a neutral-to-positive image, enhanced by his 11th-hour good-loser help to Mondale. "He's done everything right since '84," says Ann Lewis, former political director of the Democratic National Committee and current head of Americans for Democratic Action. "Now people know who he is and what he can do."

Yet many Washington people play down the importance of the Number One status. "Being front-runner in the polls now only points to name recognition, not leadership," says a top Democratic insider.

The lead position can also have active disadvantages, notably ambushings by other candidates. Mario Cuomo is seen here as the major threat to Hart, but two minuses that could neutralize Cuomo are his hot temper and his old-style, FDR-coalition, ultra-liberal thinking. Senator Joseph Biden (D., Del.), much in the media lately for his fulminations against William Rehnquist, is another potential ambusher. But Biden's flashy, hip-shooting impetuosity not only undermines that *gravitas* which voters look for in their important politicians, but also suggests a flare-out transience that won't stay the course.

2. *Substance.* In 1984 Hart took a beating from Mondale's "Where's the beef?" shots. "The no-substance charge against Hart was a cheap Mondale ploy," says Michael Robinson, head of the Media Analysis Project at George Washington University. "In fact Hart was one of the more substantive candidates, and the worst part about it was that he didn't respond to it very well." Since then, Hart has been trying to remove his vulnerability, amassing a major cache of substantive "messages." Week after week, he has been expatiating on taxes, military reform, and "true patriotism" (rooted in "deferred gratification," not the "materialism" inherent in Ronald Reagan's version). He made a big splash here with a recent series of Georgetown University foreign-policy lectures, receiving glowing notices Left and Right.

Hart has also led much-praised seminars at his own "Center for New Democracy" think-tank, published a book on military reform, plunged into Senate work (especially the budget), and chatted with journalists ingratiatingly and indefatigably. "He's done a first-rate job answering the 'no-beef' criticism," says one Republican consultant. "Now he has to communicate it."

3. *Personality.* A cold fish? Most Hart watchers now say no. Repressed, certainly, and with a complex, cerebral nature—meaning, among other things, that he spurns political sloganeering as anti-intellectual oversimplification. "That inhibits even reasonable codifications of his thought," says a friend and fellow senator. "Even now," says Carrick, "he still has a slight problem of seeming aloof, maybe slightly weird." Robinson doesn't see this as disabling, however: "A warm personality is a minimal advantage, regardless of how nice a guy Reagan is," he says. "If warmth were the prerequisite, Nixon would have lost 49 states in '72, not McGovern."

The character issues—Hart's change

of name, age, and signature, plus Gail Sheehy's *Vanity Fair* piece on his matutinal cavortings with Princess Youngbird—have died down. "If he doesn't do anything silly, like morning dances with Indians," says one Democratic political analyst, "he'll be accepted as credible this time around."

4. *Experience.* Perhaps Hart's principal asset is his past experience with the nominating process, plus his residual national apparatus of loyal workers in key primary states like Iowa and New Hampshire. A veteran Mondale campaign staffer points to another negative that the 1984 run may have cured: "He's got to delegate, and not constantly interfere. He still thinks like a campaign manager, too interested in the technical process. He's got to decide whether he's a candidate or a manager."

5. *Money.* Still more than \$3 million in debt, Hart plans to pay off his bank loans in full and settle with vendors for fifty cents on the dollar (probably making credit in 1988 harder to come by). Hart has also refused lucrative PAC purses and alienated big special-interest groups like labor. He did shrewdly bow out of a tough Colorado Senate re-election race that would have drained needed cash. "If he does well in the early primaries," a Hill insider notes, "the spigots will reopen."

SO FOR Washington's compulsive gamblers, Hart's form looks pretty good. "He's not the bright and shiny face any more," says the ADA's Ann Lewis. Read that to mean that the Democratic leadership may now be feeling somewhat less uncomfortable with Hart. But not altogether comfortable either. "We're already getting questions on who the '88 Gary Hart is going to be," she says. But the late summer book sees Hart gaining in credibility, and Cuomo losing, each just marginally. □

THAT 'COMMONWEALTH' AGAIN

MY ALLERGY TO the Commonwealth grows apace, but, writing on the eve of a Commonwealth mini-summit in London, I find professional conscientiousness taking precedence over personal distaste.

The London *Times* marked the occasion with a dual curtain-raiser. The left hand of the diptych is the work of that well-known master of bamboozlement, Shridath ("Sonny") Ramphal, Secretary General of the Commonwealth, telling us the Commonwealth is wonderful; the right hand is attributed to the very erudite Professor Lord (Max) Beloff and tells us that if Queen Elizabeth II finds herself facing the choice between being Queen of England and Head of the Commonwealth, then it's too bad for the Commonwealth.

As for Ramphal, Mandy Rice-Davies, playgirl second lead in the Pro-fumo scandal/drama that rocked the Macmillan government a generation ago (and now on London's legitimate stage), once put it in terms that show every sign of immortality: "He would say that, wouldn't he?"

I note with pleasure that most of the best British commentators—including, for instance, Paul Johnson and Woodrow Wyatt—have been saying forthrightly exactly what is wrong with the Commonwealth: its built-in hypocrisy, with black tyrants complaining about the injustice of apartheid and ignoring worse injustices at home.

Yet the tenacity of British tradition and English wooliness, not least among Tory MPs, seems almost invincible. Not long after I had pointed to obstacles represented by the Commonwealth and the position of Queen Elizabeth II as Head of it (in the issue of *NR* dated August 1), a widely publicized row broke out in the British press over reports attributed to Buckingham Palace sources in the *Sunday Times*.

I am less concerned with the issue of whether the Palace sources did or

did not say what the *Sunday Times* said they did than with whether the Queen's views were correctly reflected in that newspaper. My hunch is that they were. The Queen's attachment to the Commonwealth is deep, and understandable. It makes her feel wanted; it gives her the illusion that, somehow, Britain's defunct imperial role lives on. It gives her 49 countries to travel to when palatial tedium sets in, with a red carpet guaranteed.

The poor British public, though not ungifted with common sense, must be thoroughly bewildered. The polls have just recorded a rise of five points in Mrs. Thatcher's personal rating, after a period of relative eclipse by Labour's Neil Kinnock. The pundits agree, and I with the pundits: The rise can only reflect popular approval of the prime minister's tough stand against sanctions to bring the South Africans to heel. The decision of so many Commonwealth countries to boycott the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh was deeply unpopular and was blamed, not on Margaret Thatcher, but on some of the nastier Commonwealth regimes, including the giant of black Africa, Nigeria, aptly described by some wit the other day as a "kleptocracy."

Ah, but the British voters love their Queen. Hence the confusion of signals. The most sensible interpretation of the latest polls is that they like Elizabeth II as Queen of England but much less as Head of the Commonwealth.

STILL, let me try to be fair. Late last year the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (FCO) issued a "Background Brief" attempting to estimate the value of the Commonwealth. Ramphal's view that it offered "a facility for harmonizing differences" was quoted with approval. The brief offered a dictum of its own: "The capacity to cut through rhetoric is the basis of the Commonwealth's great strength."

Am I alone in detecting fuzziness, contradiction, and unreality in such utterances? Translated into plain English, what is meant in either case is that the assembled dignitaries, with English of one kind or another as the common tongue, feel free to speak their minds at Commonwealth meetings. Having done so, they agree to differ.

The cost of this illusory "facility" is considerable. To quote figures from the FCO brief, Britain's gross bilateral grants to Commonwealth countries during the previous year totaled £336 million (say \$504 million at today's rates), plus £79 million (\$118.5 million) in loans. British net outward investment in "new Commonwealth" countries (i.e., excluding Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, relics of the older Commonwealth, which made sense) totals more than \$750 million.

On top of that, the British government (read "taxpayer") heavily subsidizes various Commonwealth institutions, such as the Commonwealth Institute in London and its counterpart in Scotland, and of course the Commonwealth Secretariat, headed by Shridath Ramphal.

In return for this largesse, Britain's foreign secretary enjoys the privilege of listening to an insulting harangue from one of the prize hypocrites of the Commonwealth, President Kaunda of Zambia. England's taste for masochism sometimes passes belief.

My point is a simple one. All the good things (including, if you like, aid projects) done under the Commonwealth umbrella could just as well be done under more harmonious auspices. An international gathering of the like-minded, meaning those respectful of basic freedoms, would be infinitely more valuable (even if expensive interpreters needed to be employed) than the ramshackle thing we have been discussing. To be sure, less indulgence in masochism would be on offer. □

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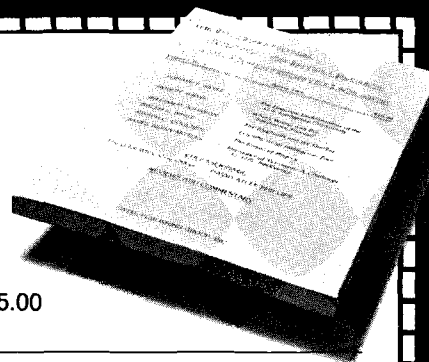
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NR



MARCHING ON PRETORIA

SOUTH AFRICA'S relationship with Britain is closer and more paradoxical than her relationship with any other country, the Afrikaners' Dutch and Huguenot roots having long been severed. The modern republic was born out of conflict with Britain; a conflict that Britain won—and in which British (and American) liberals were as passionately pro-Boer as a later generation was pro-Vietcong. Nowadays, the English-language press in South Africa is so hostile to the Afrikaner government, and so left-wing, that the modern Boers find it almost treasonable. The gulf—social, political, and cultural—between English-speaking South Africans and Afrikaners remains huge, sharper in some ways than between black and white: but Britain is South Africa's biggest outside investor and a chief trading partner. All of which makes Britain a key factor in the present emotion-ridden debate.

Margaret Thatcher has been fighting a lonely rearguard action against the demand for penal sanctions. Of course, she wasn't quite alone. Her views were closely coordinated with those of President Reagan; which, to her critics, only made them worse. She also has on her side moderates in South Africa, black and white—the liberal Helen Suzman, for example, and the powerful Zulu Chief Buthelezi: but the British media, especially the BBC, pay very little attention to them, compared with the militant Tutus and Tambos.

The Labour Party naturally vilified her. Labour's Foreign Affairs spokesman, Denis Healey, had himself photographed, during a recent visit to South Africa, embracing Mrs. Winnie Mandela, who, a few days before, had publicly exulted in "our necklaces and our matches." David Owen, leader of the Social Democrats—who, when he was Foreign Secretary in the last Labour

government, toured southern Africa with Andy Young—spoke dismissively of "President Reagan's rather silly speech." And left-wing Conservatives, epitomized by ex-Prime Minister Edward Heath, shuddered at Mrs. Thatcher's obduracy.

Newspaper comment was reasonably balanced, but radio and television have been obsessed by South Africa and unashamedly biased. For example, the interviewer on one of the BBC's principal news programs put the case *against* sanctions by asking: "Might they drive the monster to even further excesses?"

Mrs. Thatcher's noisiest critics, and the worst humbug, came from the Commonwealth (no longer "the British Commonwealth," for fear of offending nationalist sensitivities), and the resulting fuss fluttered those in Britain who still care about the Commonwealth.

WHO DOES? Not the older generation, for whom the decline from the principles and standards of the British Empire renders the modern Commonwealth too sad; nor the younger generation, who, having no ties of memory or sentiment, regard the Commonwealth as an irrelevant anachronism. The only ones who really care belong to that generation for whom the Commonwealth was invented, in order to disguise the reality of Britain's precipitate retreat from imperial responsibility.

And the Queen. She cares. Indeed she sets much store by her role as Head of the Commonwealth—a deliberately vague title, devised by Pandit Nehru. The seeds of a possible constitutional crisis therefore emerged. As Queen of Great Britain she acts and speaks in public only on the advice of her ministers: but on whose advice does she act and speak as Head of the Commonwealth? And what would happen if the advice of her government in

Britain contradicted the express wishes of the Commonwealth as a whole? Nobody knows; which is why such a conflict must never occur—or at least become overt.

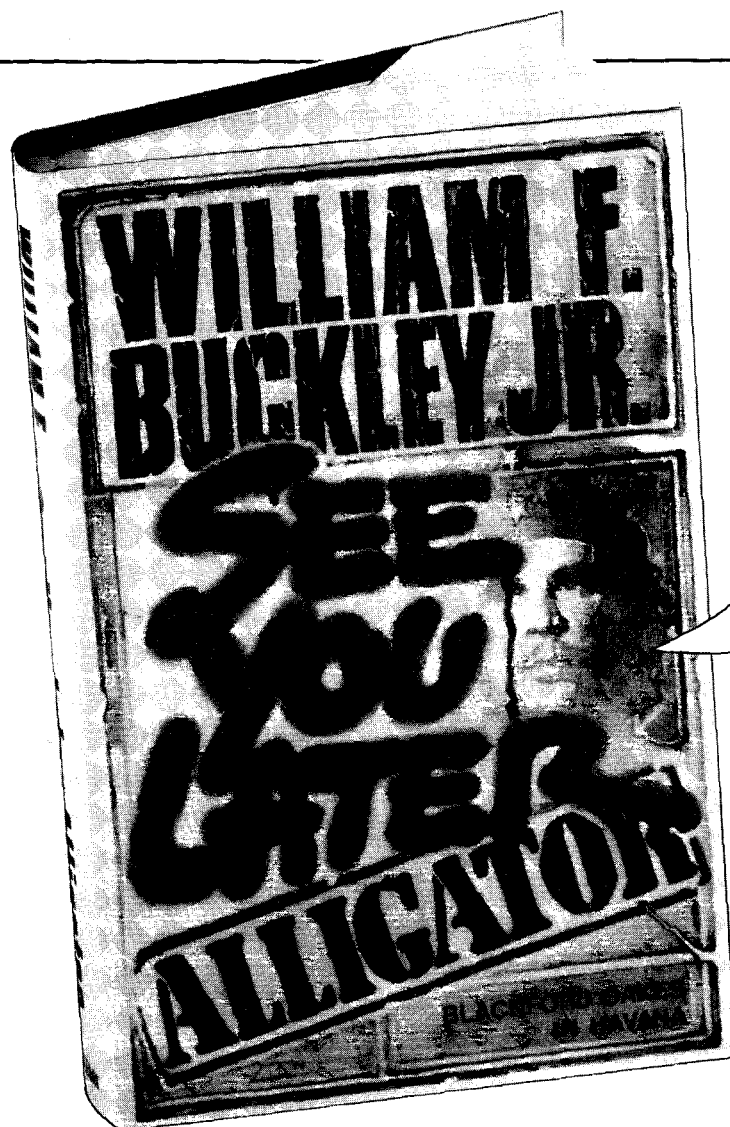
Twenty-five years ago, despite the prudent warnings of Robert Menzies and Roy Welensky, wise representatives of what the Commonwealth used to be, South Africa was forced out. The Afro-Asian members already had the bit between their teeth and, since then, have made all the running. What was once a coherent family has become a weird gallimaufry of one-party states, bankrupt dictatorships, a few democracies, and many sanctimonious tyrannies.

Far more people have been victims of racial violence and arbitrary arrest, torture, and execution in Commonwealth countries, even during the past few months, than in South Africa. But South Africa is the pariah nation that everyone loves to hate. So the Afro-Asian members, with (for their own political or ideological reasons) Canada and Australia conniving, have been eager for sanctions and furious with Mrs. Thatcher for holding them back. Sanctions without Britain would be futile; besides which, the African members, largely dependent on South Africa for trade and transport, want Britain to help cushion them against the resulting harm to their own economies.

Mrs. Thatcher checked them a year ago by agreeing that the Commonwealth should send the ludicrously named Eminent Persons Group (EPG) to negotiate with the South African government. The Eminent Persons failed. Mrs. Thatcher then sent the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe. He was brusquely rebuffed. The only surprise was that anyone should be surprised. Suppose the South African government threatened sanctions against Britain and America unless they abandoned one-man/one-vote de-

(Continues on page 58)

Mr. Lejeune is NR's longtime London correspondent.



**“You may
call me
Che.”**

Comandante Guevara was slighter than Blackford had imagined, weighing perhaps 160 pounds, five feet nine or ten inches tall. He wore his traditional beret and army fatigues. His regular facial posture was that of a half smile.

“We have a lot to discuss, Mr. Caimán.”

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Letter from a Friend:

A CONSERVATIVE SPEAKS OUT FOR GAY RIGHTS

Dear Bill,

The time has come for me to share with you my theory as to why the Good Lord made human sexuality what it is, whatever that may be. You will be happy, I'm sure, to hear that my theory comes straight out of the natural-law tradition, attempting as it does to ascertain the true meaning of sex by identifying its unique purpose.

Thus the first theory we must reject is the traditional view that the purpose of sex is procreation. The birds, the bees, and the Baptists manage to reproduce themselves in vast numbers without going through all that. Second, I reject the view of the dreaded secular humanists and other subversives that the purpose of sex is simply pleasure. For this we have pot, peanut butter, and Bach and Roll. There must be other items on that list, but too much peanut butter has destroyed my short-term memory, I think.

No, the real reason God made human sexuality whatever it is clearly must be its one absolutely necessary and inescapable function, even, or especially, for celibates: Sex is a lesson in humility. It makes certain that everyone, no matter how otherwise dignified and intelligent, at least once in a lifetime, in thought, word, or deed, will make a complete fool of himself. Having read your *New York Times* Op-Ed piece suggesting we tattoo gay AIDS victims on the tush, and Joe Sobran's *NR* article "The Politics of AIDS" (May 23), I now know that in this, as in so many other ways, you have done much more than the Lord could ever have reasonably expected of you. Now it is my turn, so bear with me, if you will.

Conservatism, from Falwell to *NR* to *Commentary*, appears to have an unseemly obsession with homosexuality, totally disproportionate to its significance as either a phenomenon or a problem compared with the disastrous state of heterosexuality, i.e., divorce, teenage pregnancy, child abuse, rape, wholesale abortion, and congenital venereal diseases that affect far more children than AIDS. Someone once made a remark about getting the beam out of one's own eye before worrying about the speck in someone else's. But what did He know?

You have made major contributions in separating "mainstream conservatism" from the swamp denizens, but *not yet* on this issue. I am particularly disturbed by what I

perceive as a total lack of a sense of proportion among conservatives when dealing with this subject. The best example of this that I have seen recently is an article in the May 10 issue of *The Economist* about Pat Robertson:

There is nothing frightening in the Christian message, he insists. And, indeed everything about Mr. Robertson—his intelligence, friendliness, ordinariness—is reassuring. Then, smiling, he quotes Lloyd George's view: "We might as well legalize sodomy as recognize the Bolsheviks." Mr. Robertson is making the point that America has gone too far on both tracks: turning homosexuals into a privileged class, offering too many concessions to the Soviet Union.

A television evangelist quoting a notorious adulterer equating unauthorized orgasms with Genocide Inc. certainly gives new meaning to the word "queer." *The Economist's* equation of repealing the sodomy laws with turning homosexuals into a privileged class is an interpretation that is frightening in a different way. I would not for a moment expect Robertson, or you or Joe for that matter, to change his views on sex out of wedlock in general or homosexuality in particular, but for God's sake (and that is not a figure of speech) let's have some common sense. Or should we nuke the gay bars?

I have decided that Sodom is for conservatives what South Africa is for liberals—a focal point of hypocrisy. They are determined to DO THE RIGHT THING, no matter who gets hurt, as long as it is someone else. Unfortunately, conservative rhetoric just about guarantees that everyone will get hurt, including the rhetoricians.

The best way of gaining the missing sense of proportion and seeing the virtues of moderation is to contemplate the actual condition of gays. Morally and politically, sexual orientation is generally not a matter of choice. Can you imagine someone from a traditional American background actually choosing to become a homosexual and thereby become a target of hatred and legal persecution? The literature of homosexuality is replete with accounts of dreaded self-recognition by adults who have never had a homosexual experience, never been "recruited."

The gay rebellion was made inevitable by urbanization, by the vast increase in our knowledge of human sexuality

(except among conservatives, who think that carnal ignorance is the cure for carnal knowledge), and by the "sexual revolution" among heterosexuals. It will necessarily continue so long as there are those who are intent on politicizing homosexuality dishonestly.

I WOULD NOT accuse you of doing so, at least not deliberately. But precisely what effect on gays and gay activists did you think your tattoo suggestion would have? Not to mention your consideration—in an earlier column—of castration as a possible way of dealing with diagnosed AIDS carriers who continue to have sex without warning their prospective partners. This sort of speculation does not engender the needed confidence in the affected community. Will someone who fears he has AIDS be more or less likely to seek testing and treatment if he has been threatened with tattooing and/or castration? A paranoid reaction? Perhaps, but we should remember that homosexuals were the target of mass extermination in our lifetime, and there are those who are advocating it today in America. (One such was invited to testify at the New York City Council meeting at which the gay-rights bill was considered.) Tattooing was a part of that previous program of extermination, too. Considering the response of your friends, is the response from those who don't know you so surprising? I think not. "I'm from NR, and I'm here to help you" will now have even less credibility among gays. Another victory for the Left.

But losing votes, or even chasing AIDS carriers away from AIDS clinics, is not the worst effect of hysterical rhetoric. The worst thing about hysterical rhetoric is that it sometimes has its *intended* effect: People believe it. It is possible to frighten people so badly that they will take whatever actions they believe are necessary to protect their children. "Blood libels" usually are of this nature. Jews were said to use the blood of Christian children in rituals. They were also blamed for the Black Plague and were the victims of mass murder. Blaming homosexuals for AIDS, child molesting (most of which is committed by heterosexuals), or the moral decline of the U.S.A. is a blood libel aimed at inciting hatred against gay citizens.

The persecution of homosexuals is deeply rooted in the Judaeo-Christian tradition and in a wide variety of other cultures as well. It also seems to be a part of the human psyche: Boys beat up sissies long before they understand the mechanics of sexuality. The gay subculture, like the speakeasy, "flapper" era of Prohibition, or the so-called "counterculture" of the Sixties and early Seventies, is a culture of rebellion against such persecution. Such rebellions are often childish and self-destructive, but they are also typically American reactions to moral hypocrisy and politicized lying. The persecutors of gays bear significant responsibility for gay militancy and have no right to cite it as an excuse for more persecution.

That observation, unfortunately, brings us to the subject of Joe Sobran and what one might call the politics of homophobia. Joe seems to want AIDS to be both a threat to society *and* something peculiarly homosexual. But really, it can't be both. He warns (threatens?) that even monogamous homosexuals will be blamed for "spreading AIDS." But to whom would they spread it? If it is peculiarly homosexual, then they can only spread it to other homo-

sexuals. If it can be spread by heterosexual or nonsexual contact, then it is not peculiarly homosexual.

Of course the truth is that the overwhelming majority of the people in the world who have AIDS are not homosexual. Homosexuality does not *cause* AIDS, and a homosexual who practices proper sexual hygiene runs a negligible risk of contracting the disease, even if he is extremely promiscuous. Heterosexual transmission from male to female via vaginal intercourse may be less efficient than anal intercourse, but it is clearly established. But if AIDS can be spread by other means, then homosexuals were just the first victims. By indulging in hypocritical condemnation of gays as the cause, we squandered an opportunity to find a cure or vaccine or at least to educate the public before the disease's inevitable spread among heterosexuals. Instead, we are encouraged to blame homosexuals, as though the disease had been caused by them. Very dangerous nonsense.

Equally false is Joe's assertion that the "gay lifestyle" equals promiscuity. This is a variation on what I call "the view from the emergency room": If all we knew about automobiles were learned in a hospital emergency room, we would view them as the greatest menace in human history. The most visible and vocal consumers of alcohol are to be found staggering around the streets. The most visible members of almost any group are not necessarily typical, and this is probably more true of gays than of any other group (for reasons that should be obvious).

The rhetorical purpose of equating homosexuality with promiscuity should be clear: It makes it easier to blame gays for AIDS. But it should be noted that gay *and* straight promiscuity developed during a period in which antibiotics could cure most known sexually transmitted diseases (STDs). The advent of AIDS—and herpes among heterosexuals—was a new risk factor for a population lulled into a sense of false security. The long latency period of AIDS and the recurring nature of herpes meant that



"Just once, I'd like to break away from tradition and do something crazy and outrageous."

by the time the danger was recognized, a large part of the population was already infected. This does not excuse either bad hygiene or bad morals, but when one is sitting in judgment on others, one should consider all the facts. At the practical level, this helps us to understand that AIDS is not the result of some gay death wish but, like most human problems, comes from a mixture of bad judgment and bad luck.

Joe says that "to be gay is to be obsessed with one's homosexuality," but he seems instead to demonstrate that to be conservative is to be obsessed with anyone's homosexuality. Naturally the focal points of the visible gay world—apart from churches, charities, and other civic organizations, which are obviously invisible to conservatives—are bars and baths and similar places that by their nature cater to gays as gays. The problem with generalizing from this is that the same is true of the heterosexual world, if the point is their *sexuality*. There are singles bars, strip joints, even a few bath-type places. There are also numerous prostitution services, e.g., massage parlors, modeling services, etc. The obvious difference is that homosexuals are a minority whose sexuality is their defining mark, and who must congregate together in order to avoid a hostile environment. A heterosexual can be straight anywhere, but a homosexual can be *safely* gay only in a gay environment.

I was both amused and disturbed by Joe's encounter with the *New York Native*, wherein he discovered that homosexuals have SEX. *Native* publisher Charles Ortleb was probably elected the spokesman for homosexuals in the same election that made Joe the Great Straight Hope. It reminds me of McGovern v. Nixon. On this issue, even more than most, we have been stuck with the politics of howler monkeys—he who gets farthest out on a limb and makes the most noise is "spokesman."

ORtleb's idea about the African Swine Fever-CIA connection may be farfetched, but it did not come from a desire to blame someone else for AIDS, but rather from some very serious questions about the way AIDS research is being conducted. If AIDS is important enough to justify cover stories in *NR*, shouldn't prominent conservatives monitor the quality of the debate and support funding for research?

As to how to combat the further spread of AIDS, many gays support closing baths and other such places. Others, not just gays, oppose closing the baths because they could be used to encourage safer sex practices. (Which position is correct is not the point. Both camps are aware of the problem and are trying to find an effective response.)

The other measures that Joe thinks would be useful, many think would be ineffective or counterproductive. The notion that enforcing the "long dormant laws against sodomy" could be a "health measure" certainly is pernicious nonsense. It would be counterproductive in every way, particularly for contact tracing, which Joe seems to support. It is not possible to regulate that which is absolutely prohibited. Similarly, advice to the anathematized is likely to fall on deaf ears.

Joe's whirlwind tour of Sodom, as seen through the personal ads placed by some especially restless Natives, seeks to create the impression that the practices of a small

minority of gays, such as fisting, are not only common but "standard." (His emphasis.) This is an ignorant or deliberate misrepresentation of human sexuality. It should be obvious that such extreme practices are quite rare. Nevertheless, I'm sure that the typical reader of *NR* will be misled by this. To paraphrase Joe: Sordid and desperate, such distortions make it impossible for me to idealize conservatism. Of course, I got over that a long time ago, but why would anyone idealize either heterosexuality or homosexuality? All human activity reflects human frailty, especially measuring the frailties of others.

There remains one major question: Will "gay rights" turn the world upside down?

After having terrified the readers of *NR* (or at least having sent them rushing out to buy stock in the makers of Preparation H), Joe announces: "Such is the behavior gay-rights legislation protects. Or rather, such is the behavior gay-rights legislation forbids normal citizens to disapprove." This is untrue. First, these sexual activities are not affected at all by this law. In New York they were and are legal in private. Second, many of these more extreme activities, such as S&M, B&D, AT&T (phone sex) are of no interest to most homosexuals and are also engaged in by some heterosexuals. There are straight publications with advertisements for them, but this inconvenient fact will remain unknown to most *NR* readers. Finally, the law does not in any way forbid anyone to disapprove of such activities or to express that disapproval, except in job or housing discrimination, which rights are already sharply circumscribed in New York City. The stupidity of both the gay insistence on and the conservative objection to this law is that it will have little practical consequence.

The "non-discriminatory curricula" on homosexuality that Joe says will be mandated in public schools may or may not, in fact, be "amoral," if they are simply a factual description of the phenomenon. They could have a strong ethical content and still be "non-discriminatory." This does not in any way deprive parents of their right "to form their children's morals." Parents' rights to communicate with their children at home, in their house of worship, etc. are totally unaffected by this law. Parents of children in New York City public schools have had little control over the curricula anyway. With all the school system's problems, worrying about this is more than a little silly.

The statement that "Gays gain the right to have the city proselytize on their behalf to (desirable?) children" is a blatant violation of the Eighth Commandment. First, a morally neutral description of something does not constitute proselytizing. Or are we to believe that something that we are told draws "the revulsion of the general public" will be irresistible to students if it is described in a "non-discriminatory" way? The parenthetical "desirable?" after "proselytizing" gives the impression that sex-education classes will become shopping malls for homosexual child molesters. This is really a calumny on everyone involved, not just gays.

Now, *are* children sexually "desirable" to homosexuals? All of the evidence is that most child molestation is heterosexual, and most homosexual child molestation is done by someone within the family, not by predatory strangers. A boy is at least as safe with a homosexual man as a girl would be with a heterosexual man, all other things being equal. The overwhelming majority of homosexuals disap-

prove of pedophilia, and there are frequent letters in the *Native* expressing that point in very strong terms.

The real problems with "gay rights" are very simple. Freedom of association by definition must include the right to be wrong. Even if one believes that it is immoral to discriminate against people for reasons not relevant to the matter at hand, it is also, barring a compelling public purpose, immoral to use force to prohibit that. And state immorality is much more dangerous than personal immorality. Obviously, the same line of reasoning applies to the sodomy laws—hence the desperate attempt to make AIDS uniquely gay. Most importantly, both gay-rights and sodomy laws are counterproductive. The former produce outbursts such as Joe's; the latter produce massive distortions of human sexual behavior.

BUT THOUGH the argument against gay-rights laws is fairly clear, the campaign for them is not mere ideological Mau-Mauing. Gays have legitimate reason to believe they need such laws. Having read Quentin Crisp's *The Naked Civil Servant*, I have concluded that it really takes a lot of courage for effeminate men just to get through life. And I also mean physical courage, since "sissies" are always the targets of bullies of all ages and editorial statuses.

Moreover, the principled argument against gay-rights laws sounds a lot less principled once you ask conservatives if, by the same libertarian logic, they would fight—I mean *fight*—to get sodomy laws repealed. I am not aware of any conservative leaders who have unequivocally called for their repeal. Old friend, from whom I have learned so much about the place of principle in politics, have you ever done so? When even the most principled conservative leaders are uninterested in protecting gays from state harassment, how can conservatives be surprised that some radicalized gays are demanding the same legal privileges that other persecuted groups have attained?

Given our history of racism and our commitment to a multiracial society, we may have no choice, sadly, but to place some restrictions on exercises of freedom of association that would adversely affect members of previously persecuted ethnic groups. It is also sadly true that this has gone much too far with busing and quotas and other forms of "reverse discrimination," all of which understandably cause conservatives to fear that "gay rights" might ultimately lead to busing Hassidic rabbis to Greenwich Village leather bars—such are the inanities of liberalism.

Well, we can't keep the liberals from being inane, and it's a little late to stop the gays from being militant. The question then becomes: What are conservatives willing to

(Continues on page 58)

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LOOKING FOR THE UNION LABEL

WITH THE unlikely aid of Republican Congressman Jack Kemp, union interests pushed legislation (HR-281) through the House in April that in effect conscripts construction workers into unions. This measure (now being considered by the Senate) makes many non-union construction workers subject to union-shop collective-bargaining agreements and, incidentally, legalizes common-situs and multi-situs picketing. According to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, if this legislation were extended to all industry, "union membership in the U.S. could double without a single vote being cast."

Supporters in Congress have tried to pass off HR-281 as a noncontroversial measure that will merely discourage "double-breasting"—the tactic of setting up a new company to avoid union contracts. But double-breasting is already illegal. An analysis by Republicans on the Senate Labor Subcommittee calls HR-281 "a carefully crafted deception that attempts, through a redefinition of the term 'single employer,' to regain [construction unions'] lost market share." In 1976, 55 per cent of construction workers were unionized; today, only 30 per cent are.

On April 17, Representative Kemp cast his vote against HR-281 and walked off the floor. A few minutes later he returned to vote in favor of the bill. Business interests charge that Kemp changed his vote to gain labor support for his presidential bid. A spokesman for Kemp calls that charge "ridiculous."

In a letter to David Denholm, president of a PAC called the Public Service Research Council, Kemp explained, "... as I left the floor to go to the cloakroom to call my office, I reflected upon my longstanding commitment to my friends in the Building Trades in Buffalo—friends who believe in the free-enterprise principles we share and are committed to Presi-

dent Reagan's agenda of peace through strength. I then decided to change my vote to signal my very strong opposition to the practice [of double-breasting] . . ."

David Denholm doesn't buy Kemp's excuses. "As far as I am concerned," replied Denholm, "your vote on HR-281 was suicidal in the same way that Howard Baker's vote for the Panama Canal treaty was suicidal."

So far, HR-281 has received little publicity. Concern over the legislation remains limited to business and industrial groups, including the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Federation of Independent Business, and the Business Roundtable. The Senate version of HR-281 was scheduled for a vote in late July, but Senator D'Amato withdrew the bill after the AFL-CIO counted heads and found it couldn't win. Hill strategists predict that D'Amato will reintroduce the bill shortly.

—R. CORT KIRKWOOD

THE BAROODY BUNCH

FINANCIAL mismanagement may well have triggered William Baroody Jr.'s sudden departure from AEI [see "Letter from Washington," Aug. 1], but some AEI insiders insist bad debts aren't the whole story. They say that under Baroody Jr.'s tutelage, AEI ran out of conservative steam and intellectual esteem. "AEI lost its sense of mission," said one former AEI insider. "Their new mission was power brokerage without a specific philosophy." Burton Pines of the Heritage Foundation notes, "Quality scholarship is not enough. You must have a focus. You've gotta know what game you're playing and what side you're on; otherwise it might as well be a university or public television."

"If managed competently, Baroody's move toward the center might have worked," says a former AEI staffer. "Instead, Baroody took delight in the

trappings of power, acquiring Gerald Ford as a fellow while letting go of excellent scholars such as Walter Berns and Mark Falcoff." AEI's ludicrous courting of Gerald Ford was both a cause and a sign of the foundation's decline. "AEI had become to think-tanks what Ford was to the Presidency. Gerald Ford's a nice guy, but ho-hum," comments one conservative intellectual. "Big-name people like Jerry Ford have their own agenda. And it's not necessarily going to be conservative."

Washington cognoscenti cite the abandonment of *Regulation* magazine as one of the most striking examples of what was wrong with AEI. *Regulation* was particularly well received in the intellectual community (Supreme Court Justice-designate Antonin Scalia once served as its editor-in-chief). From 1977 to 1981, while lecturing on public policy at Harvard University, Christopher Demuth used *Regulation* in his classes. Demuth considered *Regulation* the most important magazine AEI put out. In fact, Demuth liked *Regulation* so much, he bought the company. That is, when the staff evaporated and the magazine was dropped, Demuth made an arrangement with AEI to acquire the magazine. Look for an issue of the new, independent *Regulation* (which aims to be just like the old *Regulation*) to be out this month.

Back at AEI (now headed by the respected conservative Paul McCracken), staffers dispute charges that AEI drifted to the left, insisting AEI had no problems that a whole lot of money couldn't cure. They refuse to comment publicly on the past and profess only optimism about AEI's future.

—TODD LENCZ

THE YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS

THE 1986 College Republican Leadership Conference, held at the end of July in Washington, D.C., reaffirmed one of the more welcome developments in GOP politics: CRs have shed their ties to the old moderate wing of the GOP and have emerged a significant force for conservatism on campus.

Despite strong pro-divestiture pres-

tures on campus, for example, College Republicans refuse to be bullied on South Africa. Stockton Reeves, Florida State Chairman, expressed widely felt sentiments on the issue, saying, "I'm disgusted with all those people running scared, calling for every sanction possible. There are a lot of countries doing a lot worse—like most of the rest of Africa. If we're going to talk about a consistent human-rights policy, we'd better start with the greatest abuser, the USSR." The campus Left will find it has some new opposition next semester; one CR workshop devoted to South Africa brought out several new tactics for dealing with the shanty movement, which it would be impolitic to reveal (but they should amuse *NR* readers in the fall).

In addition to workshops, the CR conference offered a preview of the youth vote in 1988. Potential presidential candidates Jack Kemp, Pat Robertson, and Al Haig all addressed the conference. Robertson received warm applause, although his uncompromising stand on social issues went against the libertarian grain of many of those present. Jack Kemp was greeted by wild enthusiasm. "There's an incredible energy when Kemp speaks, that just isn't there with the other candidates," enthused Yale's Reg Brown.

With the election more than two years off, we turned to Frank Enton, the Button Man, for the marketplace's judgment: "Kemp and Robertson are doing very well—Kemp may be leading—and Jeane Kirkpatrick's right up behind them. Bush and Baker aren't doing much. I've had some calls for Laxalt, Haig, and all that, but I figure I'll wait until the first of the year before ordering those fellows. I'll probably get some Armstrong and Lehman, too," he smiles. "It's going to be a lot of fun." —MARK CUNNINGHAM

COURTING PUBLIC OPINION

HOW GOOD are Reagan's judicial appointments? In spite of the Democratic clamor that Reagan is flooding the bench with undistinguished ideologues, his appointments are, by any objective standard, at least as good as his predecessors' (see box).

Nonetheless, a number of left-lean-

REAGAN'S JUDICIAL APPOINTMENTS: THREE MYTHS

Myth #1: Reagan appointments are of lower-than-average quality overall.

Judges rated Well Qualified or better (ABA rating)

Carter	55.0%
Reagan	51.8%
Nixon	50.9%
Ford	48.4%

Myth #2: Reagan has appointed some completely unqualified judges.

District Court judges with minority Not Qualified rating (ABA rating)

Reagan	3
Carter	22

District Court judges rated Not Qualified (ABA rating)

Reagan	0
Carter	3

Myth #3: Reagan has appointed an unprecedented number of judges.

Presidential appointments as a percentage of all federal judges

Johnson (5 years)	53.7%
Nixon (5½ years)	45.2%
Carter (4 years)	39.1%
Reagan (5½ years)	36.2%

Source: Office of Legal Policy, U.S. Department of Justice.

ing judicial-watchdog groups have taken it upon themselves to protect the Republic from Reagan's judgment. One such group is the Supreme Court Watch, which operates under the auspices of the Nation Institute. The board of the Supreme Court Watch has taken no official position on the nominations of Rehnquist and Scalia, thanks, in part, to people like Stephen Gillers, a professor at NYU Law School and a member of the Supreme Court Watch's board. "I disagree with the standard, liberal, People for the American Way line about the poor quality of Reagan's nominees," says Gillers. "The Justice Department's selections, given the President's agenda, have been, for the most part, commendable." Gillers,

while expressing reservations on the Rehnquist nomination, calls Scalia's nomination "brilliant."

But other members of the Supreme Court Watch (including those testifying before Congress) took a darker view of Reagan's recent appointments. In his Supreme Court Watch report on Judge Scalia, attorney Michael Goldfarb admits that Scalia is intelligent, amiable, and warmly admired, even by those who disagree with his positions, but then tortuously attempts to question Scalia's credentials anyway. "Scalia is a William F. Buckley conservative rather than a New Right conservative," writes Goldfarb. "His world view is based on a well-informed misinterpretation of history rather than know-nothingism." The Supreme Court Watch analysis, by Audrey Feinberg, of Judge Scalia's legal rulings accuses Scalia of "a remarkably consistent record of conservatism. . . ." His court record, warns Miss Feinberg, "requires that the Senate and the American people carefully examine the political perspective that has animated, if not predetermined, Judge Scalia's judicial views."

The Supreme Court Watch also proudly claims credit for raising the alarm over Rehnquist's alleged harassment of black voters in Arizona in 1962. Even Professor Gillers urges the Senate to reject Rehnquist, "not because he challenged black voters, but because he lied about doing so." But the star witness against Rehnquist, James Brosnahan, admits that he never personally saw Rehnquist harass voters—he only heard others say Rehnquist had done so. At first Brosnahan, a self-described liberal Democrat, stated Rehnquist had been involved in an incident of voter harassment that took place in Bethune precinct in 1962. When neither contemporaneous news accounts nor police reports nor the FBI report mentioned Rehnquist, Brosnahan backtracked, saying it must have been somewhere else at some other time. The entire case against Rehnquist turns out to hinge on 24-year-old hearsay testimony offered by an old political opponent of Rehnquist who can't even make up his mind on his own story.

The cloak of intellectual objectivity worn by groups like the Supreme Court Watch is getting pretty threadbare. Justice may be blind, but she's not dumb. —MAGGIE GALLAGHER



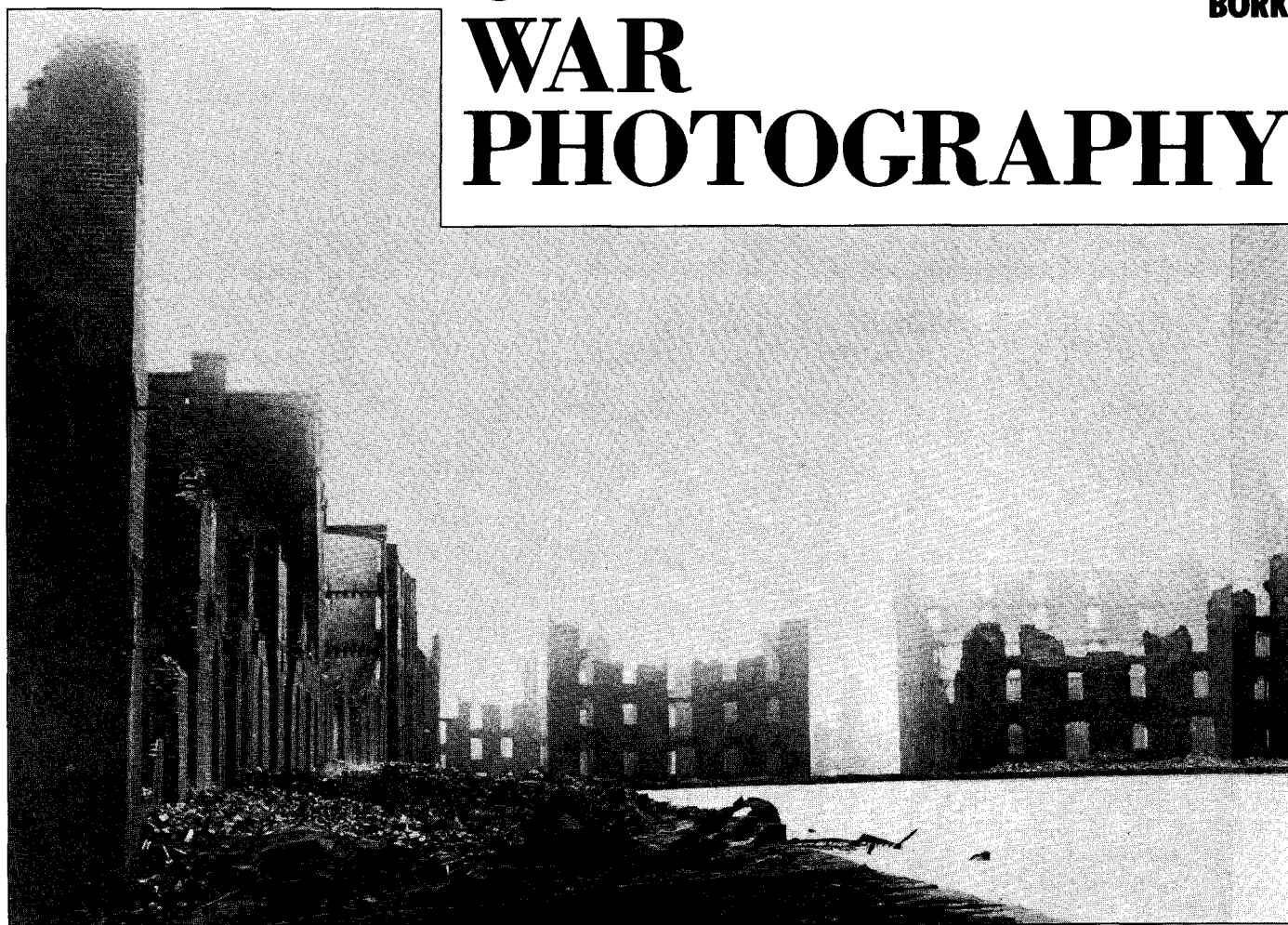
AS WE BEGAN climbing the mountain that separates Pakistan from Afghanistan, it soon became clear that slogging through the snow at 15,000 feet was not the same as running laps around the Yale pool. I had hoped that the latter form of torture would prepare me for the former. I felt plenty strong. I just couldn't breathe.

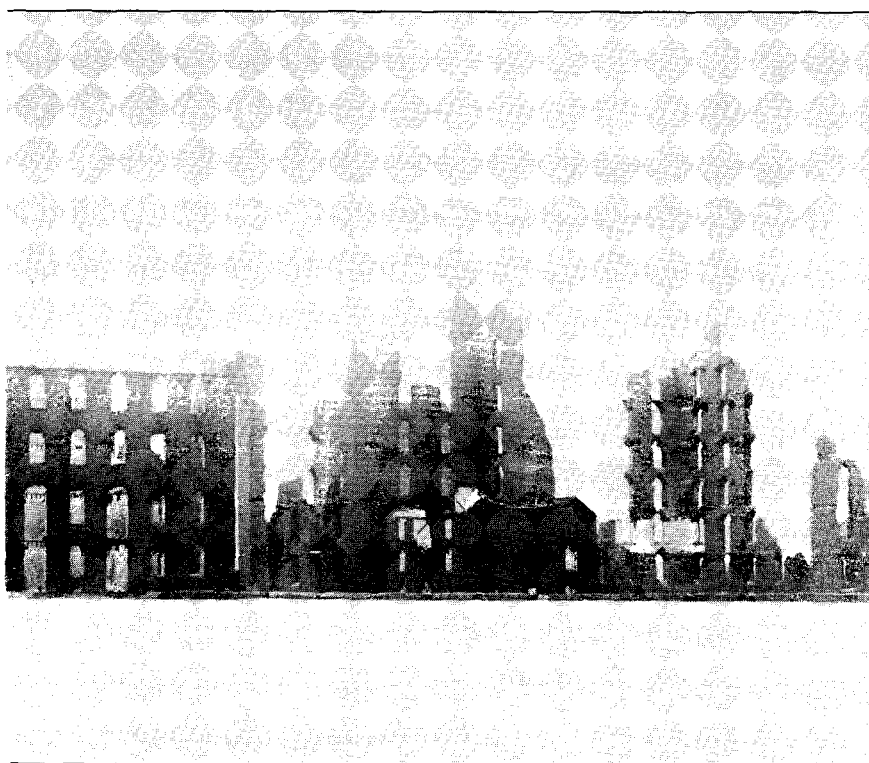
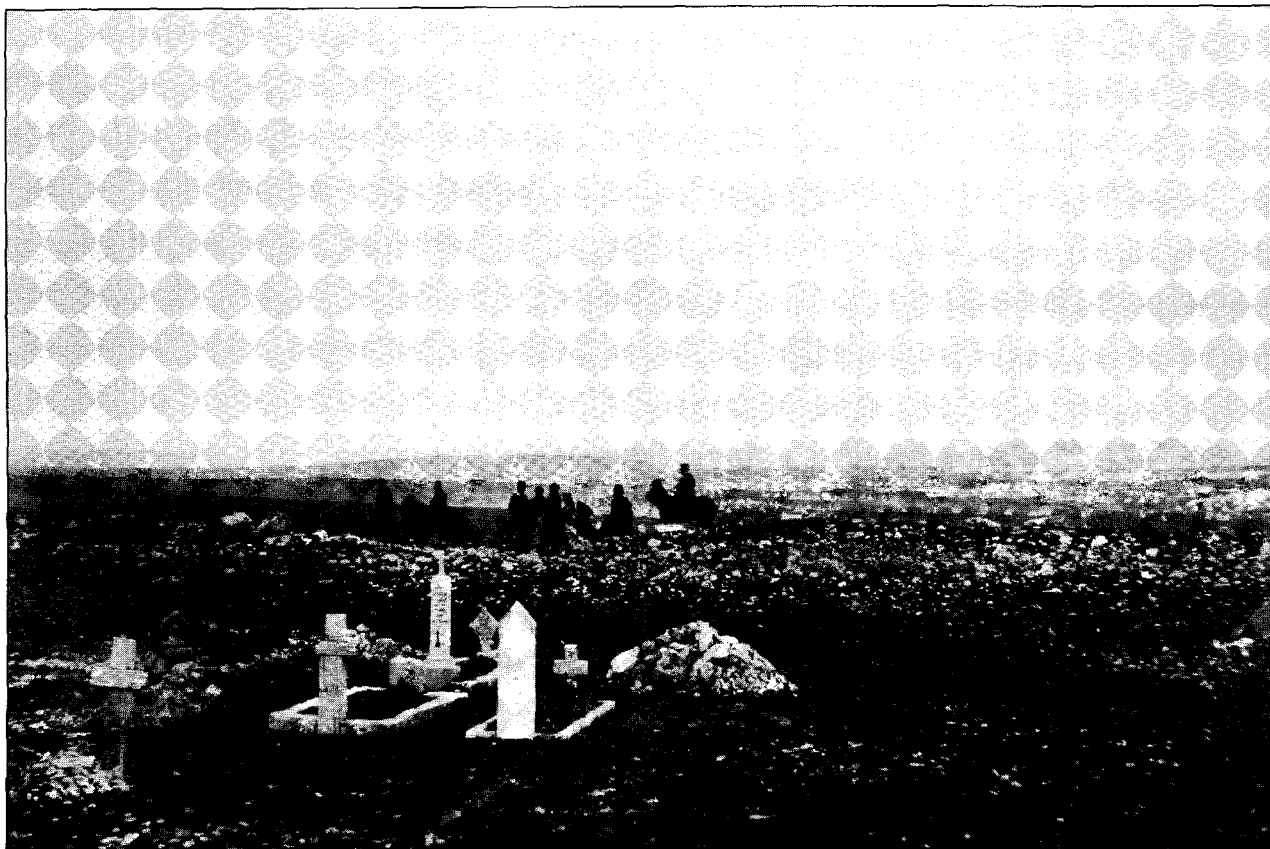
"Leave me to die," I suggested, collapsing in the snow.

Itebari, my native guide, declined. Apparently, leaving helpless refugees from the bastions of effete intellectualism to die —————→

**CHARLES
BORK**

ON WAR PHOTOGRAPHY





Left: The ruins of the Gallego Flour Mills, Richmond, Virginia, 1865. Two separate glass plates were needed to record this panorama. The two images, taken by a member of Mathew Brady's studio, are here reproduced as one, possibly for the first time.

Above: A British military cemetery in the Crimea. Roger Fenton, 1855.



Below: Bombed-out ruins of a village in Paktia Province, Afghanistan. Charles Bork, 1983.

Opposite: Ruins of the Railroad Depot at Charleston, South Carolina. George Barnard, 1864.



in the snow is forbidden by the tribal code of Afghan hospitality.

We got going again. Periodically a malnourished Mujahed would come bounding by, cavalierly balancing a case of ammunition on one shoulder, passing us as if we were standing still, which we frequently were.

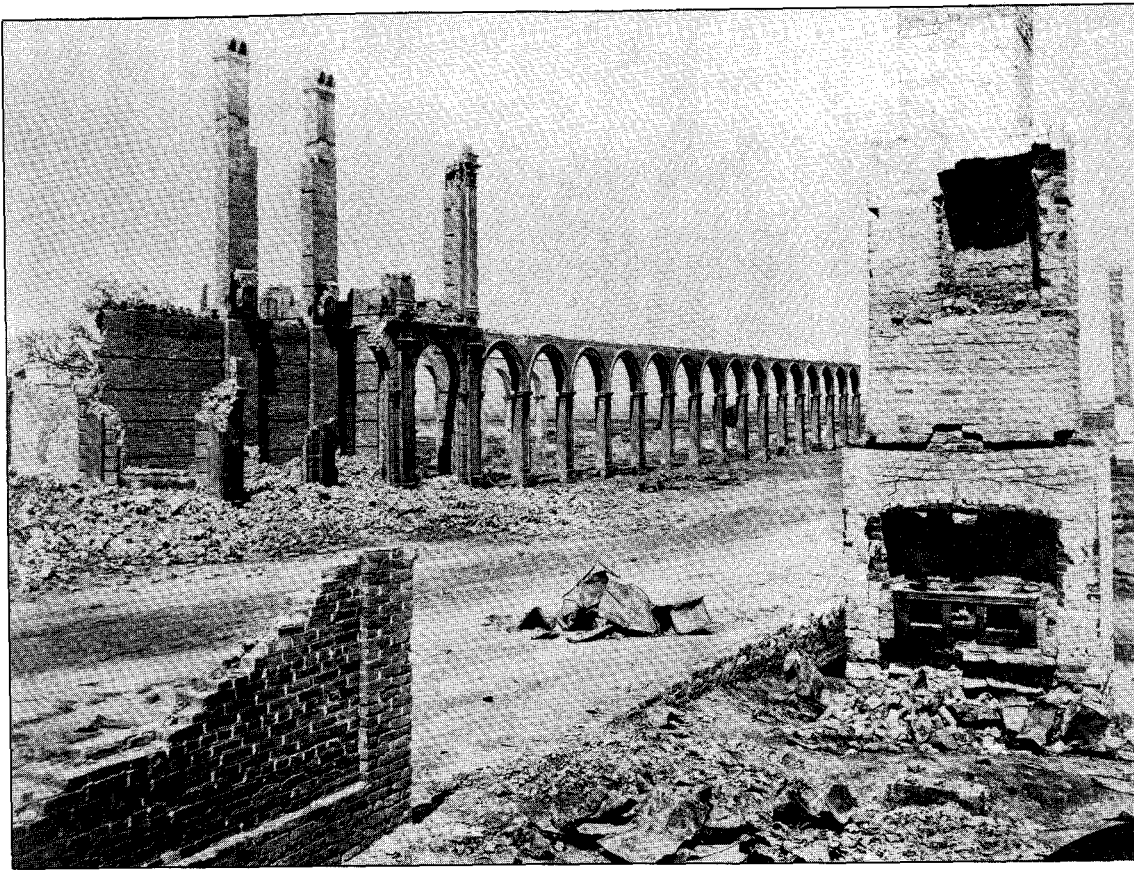
As one lies face down in the snow, gasping for breath, one is willing to make certain concessions to the school of photojournalism that forsook tripods and wooden cameras sixty years ago. I hoped to put these all-but-forgotten tools back into action on this journey. It was and is my belief that war photography reached its peak during the American Civil War. The photographers of that day used awkward and bulky equipment similar to that which I was now finding so burdensome as I crossed the Durrand Line.

In a perverse paradox, it was as a result of the most unpleasant attributes of their equipment that the work of the nineteenth-century photographers achieved its distinctive character. They used large wooden view cameras. View cameras require tripods; they are heavy and difficult to move, and, in those days, they required exposures of at least several seconds. These limitations precluded action pictures and severely limited the number of images the photographer could record.

A 35-mm. photographer can easily take several hundred photographs in a day, an ordeal that would probably be fatal to a view-camera photographer. With fewer opportunities, the view-camera photographer must choose his subjects carefully. Composition is more critical for him than for the photographer using the one-hundred-monkeys approach.

Moreover, the view-camera photographer must view the image of his subject as projected upside down on a large piece of ground glass. The artistic effects of this inversion are not quantifiable, but I believe it forces one to give more thought to the composi-

For lack of anything better to do, Mr. Bork is a writer, photographer, and world adventurer.



tion of the image. Meanwhile, because the view camera uses large sheets of film rather than narrow strips, it reproduces the subject with exceptional resolution and tonal gradation.

The contrasting qualities of the 35-mm. camera are responsible for the course of modern photography. First of all, it's fast. Photographers can get shots that would have been long gone before a view camera could be set up. It freezes time. We can go back again and again and watch a South Vietnamese officer blow some VC's head off, as in the famous photograph by Eddie Adams. It is a slow-motion instant replay. It is a style made of moments.

Second, the 35-mm. camera is portable. It can go anywhere the photographer can and get as close as the photographer is willing to risk getting. Third, with the multitude of pictures a 35-mm. photographer can take, a few of them are bound to be OK. And finally, because the viewfinder of a 35-mm. camera is so much smaller than the ground glass of a view camera, and because the smaller film will not record as much information as large-format sheet film, the 35-mm. photographer has a tendency to narrow his view, to make his subject larger and show less of the overall

scene. View-camera photographers, using wider lenses, can stand back, showing a larger vista, recording with great detail and artistry the lasting images of war.

The evolution of the technology of war photography mirrors the evolution of the technology of war itself. Over the course of the twentieth century the infantryman has been equipped with ever lighter rifles, firing more bullets with less power, requiring less effort to carry, less skill to master. The 35-mm. is the photographic equivalent of the modern assault rifle.

Henri Cartier-Bresson, although not a war photographer, was the first photographer fully to realize the potential of hand-held cameras. His expression "the decisive moment" refers to the moment when the photographer, upon seeing his composition reach perfection in the viewfinder, clicks the shutter, freezing time. Robert Capa, the famous photographer of World War II and other conflicts, used to say, "If your pictures aren't good enough, you aren't close enough." No one could gainsay Mr. Capa's bravery. In fact, he was killed pursuing his craft. (He stepped on a land mine in Vietnam in 1954. A few seconds before, he had snapped a picture of the spot where

he was killed.) His greatest works were a product of his disdain for his own safety and his ability to click the shutter at "the decisive moment." His most famous photograph, of a Spanish Loyalist, was taken at the moment his subject was shot, before his dead body hit the ground. It is in some ways a magnificent photograph. But to me it is less artistically and journalistically pleasing than, say, George Barnard's great photographs of the ruins of Charleston, South Carolina, after General Sherman had been there.

Much of what war photographers seek to capture is an expression of tragedy. Modern sensibilities, with the help of modern cameras, find the ultimate expression of tragedy in the destruction of a single human being. The view-camera photographer, compelled to shoot stationary subjects, found the expression of tragedy not in war's action, but in its aftermath: the destroyed cities and villages, the battered edifices, the smoking ruins, the tragedy of an entire community, an entire society. Considered artistically, the story of the battle for Charleston is told with greater power by Barnard's haunting images of the once great city's skeletal remains than it would have been by a Robert Capa photograph of a soldier



Tools of the Trade

Top: The author in Afghan drag with wooden camera in Paktia Province.

Bottom: Roger Fenton's photographic van, the Crimea, 1855. Five cameras, seven hundred glass plates, and a darkroom.



at the moment of death or by an Eddie Adams picture of a Union officer executing a Confederate spy without trial. For within Barnard's study of war's aftermath these unseen images are contained as well, visible to the mind's eye for the larger truth he has told us.

The best photographs are those which, standing alone, tell the most. By that criterion, the nineteenth-century photographers remain unequalled; modern war photography is less true to life and far more subject to manipulation. A good example of the problems with present-day photography can be found in the Eddie Adams execution photograph. Perhaps the most famous image to come out of the Vietnam War, this picture was widely believed to be graphic proof of the injustice of the American cause in Southeast Asia. Whether it is or not, it is undeniably a photograph of a man getting his head blown off. It cannot tell us why.

Eddie Adams was in the right place at the right time to reduce the Vietnam War to a photographic statement as simple and direct as a bumper sticker. A photographic concept without context. By contrast, it would be difficult to take a photograph by George Barnard or his contemporaries out of context. War photography swings between the objective and the subjective, sometimes creating moods, sometimes stating stark facts. The Vietnam War should not have been reduced to

a single image of apparently irrational cruelty.

In Vietnam, as in most of our wars, the enemy got a lot less press coverage. Had American photographers been allowed to follow around the Vietcong or the North Vietnamese army, pictures like Eddie Adams's would have been a lot more common. Adams's picture was a journalistic feat precisely because it was so unrepresentative.

For a profession that would have a hard time getting by without the expression "the big picture," journalism makes scant use of big pictures. For too long, photographers have been earning their pay by providing newspapers with small pieces of the big picture.

A year after my first trip there, I returned to Afghanistan. In Peshawar, Pakistan, I met Robin Moyer, a well-known photographer on assignment for *Time* magazine. When I explained my interest in photographing the ruins left by the war, he gave me a business tip: "Nobody buys rubble."

A sad comment on the state of war photography.

WAR PHOTOGRAPHY should show the story of war. If photo editors can only find room for sensational frozen moments, then they are not telling the whole story. Good journalism inspires thought; frozen moments of violence, out of context, apparently without purpose, inspire not thought but superficial responses to sensational images.

I've had enough of gruff managing editors who say gruffly, "Don't bother me with art—bring me news!" as though there were some contradiction. Gruff managing editors should stop posturing and think from time to time.

A few months after returning from my first trip to Afghanistan, I spread photographs of a ruined village on the floor of *New Republic* editor-in-chief Marty Peretz's office. Peretz looked like the Grateful Dead's Jerry Garcia—an aging hippie in blue jeans. We sat cross-legged on the floor of his executive suite and discussed my pictures. *The New Republic's* literary editor, Leon Wieseltier—not exactly a gruff managing editor, but temporarily assuming that role—argued against my photos as follows: "These pictures are too beautiful."

I can't help it. That's the way it was. □



THE

university

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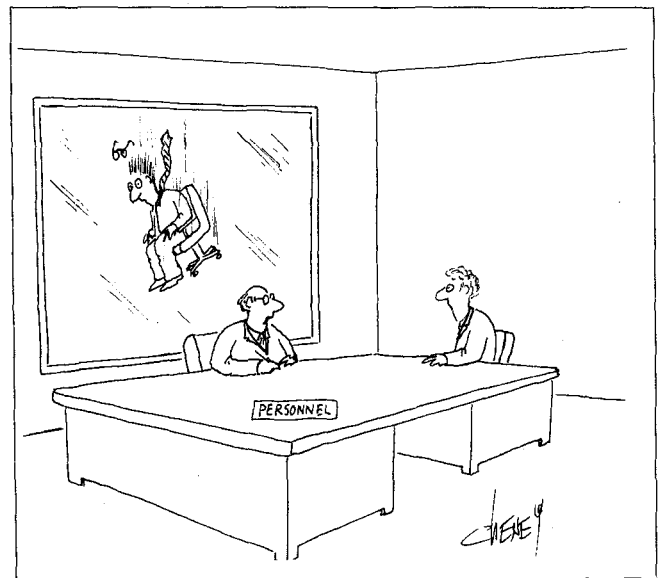
Another Angola

After the sanctions have ended,
After the uppity Boers,
Squeezed and reviled, have departed
For the white Commonwealth's shores,
Note how the media chortle
While all the liberals kid,
Toasting a birth and beginning
As Dr. Frankenstein did.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I cleaned out Junior's room today and there it was."



"By the way, did I mention our company's policy regarding mistakes?"

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BYE BYE BIRDIE

A LOS ANGELES radio broadcaster probably put it best when he reported on Democratic Mayor Tom Bradley's long-awaited decision on whether to support California Chief Justice Rose Elizabeth Bird in her reconfirmation bid: "Tom Bradley has come down firmly on the side of neutrality." The mayor, who is running for governor against popular Republican incumbent George Deukmejian, had been badgered for months on the question. Forging his own path in a swamp explored by few other ranking Democrats, Bradley transformed the art of waffling into a profile in courage, albeit a low profile.

Bradley has good reason to keep his head down. Recent polls by the *Los Angeles Times* and by Mervin Field show Justice Bird steadily ceding ground and eventually losing by twenty points or more. The Field poll shows her losing even among Democrats.

The consensus among political observers is that Justice Bird will hurt her party in the November elections; the only question is how much. This leaves Democrats with a painful dilemma.

Bradley's ringing non-position, while not ranking with his flip-flops on gun control and offshore drilling, was probably the best he could do to minimize the damage. If Bradley had come out against her he would have been accused of abandoning his principles and turning his back on an ally.

WHY ALL this fuss over a judicial campaign, usually one of the more boring exercises endured by the electorate?

For starters, both parties rightly see the composition of the seven-member State Supreme Court as pivotal to California's political evolution. Depending on which side of the aisle you are on, Justice Bird and her allies on the bench are either the last hope of humane, responsive government or the tool of liberal ideologues bent on institutionalizing egalitarian values.

But it's not her court's social engineering that has got the public's dander up. It is the death penalty—or, more precisely, the refusal to apply it.

The State Supreme Court has upheld

only three death sentences since California reinstituted capital punishment in 1977. Those cases are now winding their way through the federal courts, and, at last count, California's Death Row, which has not had an execution since 1967, hosted a population of more than 160. In none of the nearly sixty murder cases appealed to the Bird Court has the Chief Justice voted to affirm a death sentence. The public has begun to suspect that she has a soft spot for convicted murderers.

According to the latest polls, support for capital punishment has reached 83 per cent among Californians, the highest ever. Even many who had considered opposition to the death penalty an integral part of the civil-rights movement have swallowed hard and reassessed. Cases such as that of Theodore Frank, convicted of murdering a two-year-old girl in 1978, help explain why.

Frank's crime was particularly gruesome: After kidnapping the toddler from the backyard of her babysitter's home, Frank proceeded to bind, rape, and torture her with a pair of pliers before strangling her and dumping her body in a canyon. A jury found Frank guilty of first-degree murder and recommended the death penalty after reviewing evidence seized during a court-sanctioned search of his home, including a pair of pliers that matched the wounds on the girl, and his diaries, full of passages like this: "Children, made-to-order outlet for my anger and sex. Innocent, trusting, scared, vulnerable, and submissive. . . . I want to give pain to these little children. I want to molest them. I want to be sadistic. I want to harm them."

The Bird Court, concluding that the warrant used by the police had been too broad, threw out the death sentence. Justice Bird herself went further,



Mr. Knight is a news editor for the *Los Angeles Times*.



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favoring reversal of not only the death penalty but the conviction. She said that Frank was denied a fair trial because potential jurors who were philosophically opposed to capital punishment were excluded. In other words, in a system in which unanimity is required for the death penalty to be applied, Justice Bird wanted to require the seating of jurors who had made it clear that they would not uphold the law under any circumstances.

The outcome of Frank's appeal was not a surprise. For the past several years, the court has shown itself willing to employ the most farfetched legal rationalizations to void death sentences. Its latest contribution to jurisprudence has been to rewrite the legal definition of "intent" in such a way as to make it almost impossible to sentence anyone to death. To the rest of the legal world, "intent" is determined by asking: Would the reasonable man expect a given action, such as shooting someone in the head, to produce a particular result, such as death? But for Rose Bird, intent means a state of mind that the prosecution can never prove existed. Take three recent death-penalty cases decided by the court:

A student from a Christian college

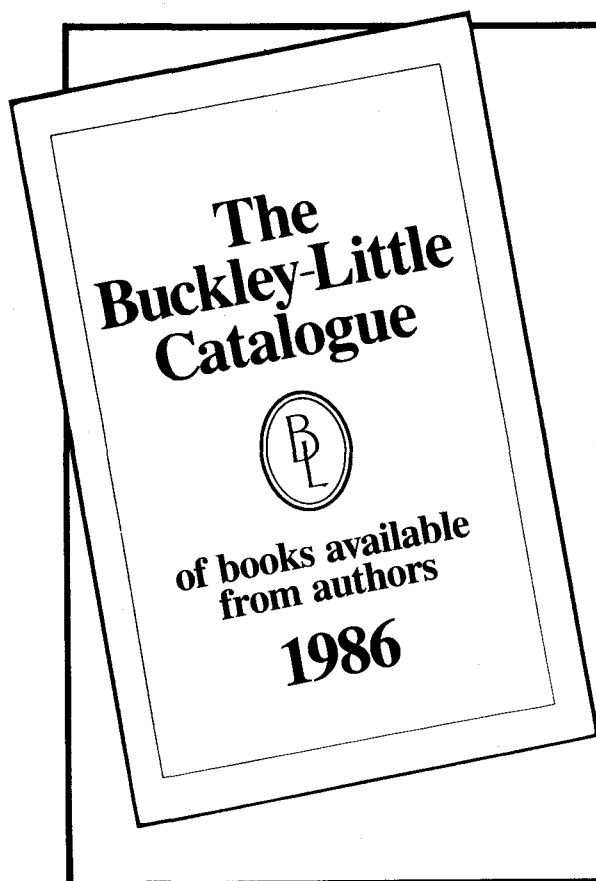
who stopped to ask directions on a street corner was told to hand over all his money and was shot to death after he refused and tried to flee; a fast-food-store manager was told to kneel, then shot at close range through the head by a robber; a couple who owned a grocery store were shot to death by a robber as their eight-year-old son watched. In all three instances, the court ruled that although the prosecution proved the defendants had killed the victims in the course of robberies, it hadn't proved that they had actually intended to kill. The death sentences were thrown out and new trials ordered. Case after case is now being tossed out on the intent rule, and dozens more that were considered "safe" are slated for review.

All this has predictably evoked outrage from law-enforcement authorities and victims' families. More surprisingly, the dissatisfaction has spilled over into the media. Many articles and TV segments about murder-case appeals have been decidedly unsympathetic toward the killers, who used to be cast as Dickensian dregs of a failed social system. For a time, articles on this issue went into great detail over procedural duels between attorneys, men-

tioning the crime and the victim only in passing as if to avoid arousing a populace poised at the jailhouse door with a rope. Now grisly deeds are recounted in the stories' leads, and the Bird Court's record in death-penalty cases is trotted out repeatedly, hammering home the message that the court may be out of step with the public. But the public may soon get a court more to its liking.

CALIFORNIA justices do not run against an opponent but are merely yea'd or nay'd by the voters periodically. In theory, a justice disapproved by the voters leaves office and the governor appoints a replacement. In practice, no justice has been defeated since the system was instituted in 1934. Yet at this writing, Chief Justice Bird and two of her colleagues—Cruz Reynoso and Joseph Grodin—are in jeopardy. (Last December another liberal, anti-death-penalty judge, Otto Kaus, retired and was replaced by Edward Panelli, a conservative Deukmejian appointee.)

Now even Assembly Speaker Willie Brown, a Bird ally, has taken note of
(Continues on page 59)



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ABROAD

PRETORIA

Siege

The threat of economic sanctions doesn't disturb the South African government as much as foreign opinion thinks it does. South Africa has been making preparations for a siege for a long time. In recent months, there has been considerable stockpiling of essential commodities—\$750 million worth—especially oil, which is the major natural resource the country lacks. For twenty years, the government has been storing oil in disused mine shafts, and it has developed its own oil-from-coal industry. Plans for substituting home-made products for imports were implemented when the rand, South Africa's unit of currency, took a disastrous tumble on world financial markets last year. To counter a looming airline boycott, South Africa is planning to lease out a portion of its fleet of 747 jumbo jets to the airlines of neighboring African countries such as Zimbabwe, Zambia, and Mozambique, so that its travelers will continue to have their customary service, albeit with the slight inconvenience of having to change planes. At the same time, British airlines are arranging to obtain landing rights in Botswana, another neighbor of South Africa's. There would be little local interference. Oliver Tambo, head of the African National Congress, the chief opposition organization in South Africa, has said that exceptions to the sanctions would be recognized by neighboring countries because of their trade dependence on South Africa. Assuring airline service is important to South Africa because its low-volume, high-value exports of precious minerals are carried by air freight. These minerals—principally gold, diamonds, and platinum—together account for two-thirds of South Africa's foreign-exchange earnings. Bulk exports like coal, manganese, and chrome might be stopped by a shipping embargo. But the case of Rhodesian chrome, supposedly banned worldwide by a United Nations decree in the early 1970s, reminds us that such sanctions do not always work.

SEVILLE

Function or Museum?

How far should a historic city go to preserve its old buildings and monuments as a museum of the past for future generations to enjoy and learn from? How far, on the other hand, should it go in the direction of using such buildings as functional structures for the needs of today? These questions were debated at a recent meeting of the European Symposium on Historic Cities, the first to be held in Spain, which underlined the dilemma faced by the cities of southern Europe, too poor to preserve monuments for their own sakes. Francisco Barrionuevo, Seville's deputy mayor, said that it was impossible for Spain to "have two cities, one a museum piece, and ignore the rest as something peripheral." Seville has more than five hundred sites of historic value, most of which are in the poor, northern part of the city where the neighborhoods are deteriorating, while young people who earn higher wages have moved to the suburbs. The symposium concluded that the only way for such sites to be saved is by reforms of national tax laws that would favor restoration of inner cit-

ies, where the historic sites are mostly found, for public use—a policy known as "dynamic conservation."

MUNICH

Alpine Wilderness?

The familiar fir-clad slopes of the Bavarian Alps may become a barren, treeless wilderness in as little as 15 years unless immediate action is taken to stop acid rain. That is the conclusion of a report by the German Alpine Society, which claims that 78 per cent of the Alpine forest in Germany is dead or dying. This threat has hitherto been associated largely with the Black Forest northwest of here. Not only will the landscape change, the report said; towns and villages built on mountainsides will be subject to far worse avalanches and floods if the trees disappear. Ski resorts will be forced to shut down, and miles of mountain road will become impassable. There is pessimism among ecologists over the ability of politicians to stop vehicle and industrial pollution, believed to be the principal cause of acid rain. Particularly discouraging is the discovery that young trees planted on the slopes disappear rapidly into the mouths of goats and deer, which are deprived of their normal food sources by the death of mature tree stands. "Disaster," one of the scientists associated with the report said, "is just around the corner."

CAMBRIDGE

Animals All, as It Befell

Cambridge University now has the world's first professor of animal welfare, Dr. Donald Broom. Dr. Broom, a research zoologist, will spend his time teaching and improving the lot of creatures whose behavior he believes is closer to that of humans than is generally supposed. Scientific evidence will be sought by studying diverse matters, including behavioral patterns, growth and reproduction rates, and disease susceptibility. Dr. Broom's academic work will start with domestic animals, but his studies will eventually extend to zoo and laboratory animals, pets, and animals in the wild. Some of his teaching will be unwelcome, especially to the agribusinesses that raise chickens on an assembly-line basis and create artificial and sometimes stressful conditions for other animals for the sake of market value. Dr. Broom says, for instance, that the domestic cow is not indifferent to her surroundings or to the presence and personalities of other cows. On the contrary, cows usually establish well-defined and enduring relations, both friendly and hostile, with other members of the herd.



TESTIFYING TO TRANSCENDENCE

AS BY NOW THE whole world knows, or should know, Armando Valladares has risen to give testimony after 22 years in Fidel Castro's jails, torture chambers, and concentration camps. *Against All Hope* (Knopf) is a painful book that must be read by all who would understand our century. He has risen, as though from the dead, to give testimony, as though in a revival. He testifies to the transcendent; to human freedom, to the reality of the soul, to trust in God.

Viva Cristo Rey! the young men shouted before they fell to the firing squads at La Cabaña prison in Havana. After a while, the executioners, who had no king but Castro, gagged their victims. "The jailers feared those shouts," writes Valladares. "They could not afford to allow even that last courageous cry from those about to die. That rebellious, defiant gesture at the supreme moment, that show of bravery and integrity . . . could easily become a bad example for the soldiers. It might even make them think about what they were doing."

They are odd, these people such as Valladares. They seem to be born, and born again, to bear witness. One late evening Henry Luce said to Whittaker Chambers, "I've been reading about the young man born blind." Chambers was puzzled. Luce explained that he meant the young man in John 9, about whom the disciples asked whether he was blind because of his own sin or his parents' sin. After healing the young man, Jesus said, "Neither this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." And Chambers knew that Luce was saying to him, "You are the young man born blind. All you had to offer God was your blindness, that through the action of your recovered sight, His works might be made manifest."

Yet another one has returned from the darkness. Molyda Szymusiak was

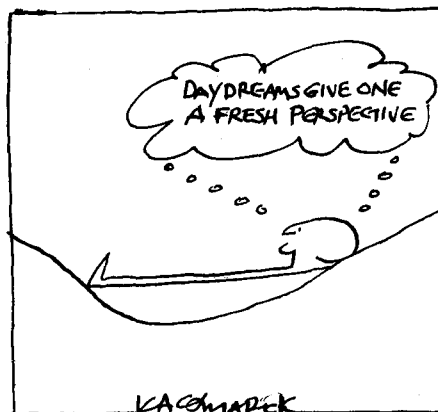
12 years old in 1975 when the Khmer Rouge entered Phnom Penh and the bloodbath began on the killing fields of Cambodia. *The Stones Cry Out* (Hill and Wang) is her diary of the days and years when two million people, one-third of the population, were killed to consolidate the new revolutionary order. Miss Szymusiak (she took the surname of her Polish-French adoptive parents) wondered then why they didn't just kill the rest of them, instead of starving them, beating them, and lecturing them day and night. The answer is that they needed to convince them that what they were doing to them was for their own good. The Khmer Rouge "told us over and over, at all the educational sessions, that we mustn't think. But I couldn't stop thinking." She could not stop doing what Valladares hopes the executioners might start doing, thinking. So, to the list of transcendents to which such people testify, add the human mind and its tenacity in asking the reason why.

Solzhenitsyn, Solzhenitsyn above all, has taught us why the enemy cannot tolerate God, freedom, the soul, the mind. Even remembering things most trivial is an act of treason against the state, which alone defines what is worthy of remembrance. Solzhenitsyn sits there year after year, putting down the names, the places, the times, the

smells. "Scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Solzhenitsyn?" responds the new Leviathan, not in disdain but in terror. And so, on a rare piece of toilet paper, on scraps of wrappings, Valladares smuggles his poems out of solitary confinement, and the regime flies into a murderous rage.

The murderers begin by urging the "objects" of history to become "subjects," and they triumph by declaring their rule the Subject to whom all are objects. It begins with people yearning to be "the artisans of their own destiny," who are then fated to become the artifacts of the Revolution that forbids them to remember what they had intended in the beginning. These who testify are not testifying about a bad thing that happened here and there, in Russia, Cambodia, Cuba. They are testifying about an evil thing that is the greatest continuing assault upon humanity in our time. Those who can deal with the idea of historical misfortune and mistake, but not with the idea of evil, cannot receive their testimony.

THE HARDEST TIMES, said Armando Valladares when I first met him in 1983, harder than the years in a black hole lying in his own excrement, harder than starvation and beatings and festering sores covering broken bones—the hardest times, he said, were when his tormentors flaunted the statements of visiting churchmen who assured the world that God was well pleased with the Revolution. At such times he doubted that any testimony could penetrate the lies. But now he does testify, and he believes his voice will reach the thousands left behind in the cells and camps of Cuba. Against all hope, he hopes his testimony will be heard even by those who until now have been deaf, and have deafened others, to the stifled cries of transcendence triumphant. □



BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

CAPITALISM AND FREEDOMS

Joseph Sobran

The Capitalist Revolution, by Peter L. Berger (Basic, 262 pp., \$17.95)

THE FULL TITLE of this book is *The Capitalist Revolution: Fifty Propositions about Prosperity, Equality, & Liberty*. This isn't another apology for capitalism, but an attempt to define it in terms broader than the merely economic. Peter Berger is concerned less to praise or blame capitalism than to identify it in relation to socialism and democracy.

Accordingly, he tries first to disengage such terms as capitalism and socialism from their polemical associations. He defines capitalism as "production for a market by enterprising individuals or combines with the purpose of making a profit." He cautions that to speak of a "capitalist society" is to speak of an ideal type. No society commonly classified as capitalist, he observes, remotely resembles what Adam Smith (who never spoke of "capitalism") would have recognized as a free society. For that matter, no society is purely socialist. But socialism stands for an ideal in a way capitalism doesn't, and some regimes proclaim themselves socialist—whereas no regime claims or aspires to be purely capitalist.

That, in a way, is one of capitalism's major problems. It suffers from "an intrinsic incapacity to generate legitimations, and it is particularly deprived of mythic potency; consequent-

ly, it depends upon the legitimating effects of its sheer facticity or upon association with other legitimating symbols." Men won't die for capitalism, though they will give their lives for the freedom of which capitalism may be a component.

But is capitalism necessarily connected to other freedoms? Is it their foundation? Can it exist without them, or they without it? Here Berger insists that the empirical evidence is, though not final, strong enough to warrant provisional conclusions.

His conclusions aren't surprising, but they are gratifyingly discriminating. He holds that capitalism is a necessary but not a sufficient condition of democracy, that capitalism tends to produce pressures toward democratization, that socialism has inherent authoritarian tendencies and an "affinity" for totalitarianism. He carefully notes that capitalist development and technological modernization are analytically distinct, but that, in fact, the Industrial Revolution occurred within a capitalist framework, and, moreover, that "capitalism provides the optimal context for the productive power of modern technology. To date, there are no

empirically available countercases." I, for one, can't think of a single household appliance we owe to socialist development. (I'm reminded of P. J. O'Rourke's hilarious description of the old fellow-travelers who went to the Soviet Union convinced that they were visiting the Workers' Paradise but bringing along their own toilet paper.)

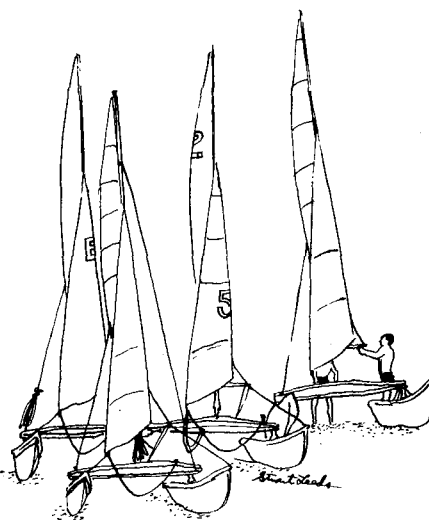
Berger takes a particular interest in the Weber thesis of the Protestant work ethic, especially in the light of the capitalist boom in the Far East. Japan and Singapore aren't exactly strongholds of Calvinism, but they have become highly productive. East Asia, he observes, is "bad news for Marxists," but also for laissez-faire ideology, since its economic development has occurred under (thanks to?) strong policies of *dirigisme*. And the success of capitalism in the Orient has generated no great pressures toward democracy in those parts, Berger says—though he adds, somewhat puzzlingly, that capitalism has greatly strengthened movements there in the direction of democracy and individuation.

As for the West, Berger contends that individualism generated modernization and not vice versa as is usually thought. Nevertheless, modernization does seem to result in institutions that accord status to the individual for his own sake. The hard part is locating the causes. With a nod to Eric Voegelin, Berger speculates that it may have started not with Luther but with Moses.

However it all began, capitalism does undermine traditional hierarchies. In a market system one is no longer assigned by birth to a given role in the system of production. This fact creates both social turbulence and strong resistance. The resistance may be either conservative or "leftist," depending on what principle of social order one prefers to the fluid order of the market.

Kathleen Christison spent 14 years working for the CIA as a political analyst, six of them at the Israel desk.

Wayne Lutton is on the staff of The Summit, Manitou Springs, Colorado. He is co-author of The Immigration Time Bomb (1985) and AIDS: Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (1986).



Despite Berger's care in defining his terms, I wonder if "capitalism" is even a coherent concept. It obviously stands for several related realities that we are all familiar with, but do these have a single essence? What does the idea of capitalism add to the simple idea of commerce? Shakespeare's Timon blames gold for doing all the things capitalism is now accused of. The term "capitalism" was coined as a sort of bogey concept by people who said they opposed it. Rather than try to invest their word with meaning, maybe we ought to revert to more basic words that aren't haunted by ambiguity and polemical overtones.

Nevertheless, one rarely finds a book so readable at this level of abstraction. *The Capitalist Revolution* is thick with ideas, fine distinctions, and erudition, but Berger writes with a vigor that makes sociology almost a pastime: Common sense always governs amiably. Amid paeans to capitalism and diatribes against it, he simply asks what it is and gives a plausible answer. Even those who don't entirely agree will find him well worth listening to for the sake of many insights along the way. □

EVENING STAR, MORNING STAR

Wayne Lutton

Megatraumas: America at the Year 2000, by Governor Richard D. Lamm (Houghton Mifflin, 290 pp., \$16.95)

"I set watchmen over you, saying, Harken to the sound of the trumpet. But they said, we will not hearken."

—Jeremiah 6:17

IT IS THE beginning of the twenty-first century, and the first woman elected U.S. President, Susan J. Hesperus (which means "evening star"), is preparing her State of the Union address. While we never read her speech, we do review a heterogeneous collection of papers, articles, speeches, and memoranda submitted by members of her Cabinet for her use in preparing it. Outgoing Colorado Governor Richard Lamm employs this device of looking backward from the year 2000 to delineate his views on what is

wrong with America today. What we have, then, are not predictions, but rather a series of *projections* of mid-1980s trends as they may develop over the next 15 years. The prospects are not encouraging:

—The U.S. economy is debt-ridden, structural unemployment nears 20 per cent, and high inflation has led to bank failures and riots. We have the lowest percentage of capital investment and the lowest growth in productivity and saving of any major industrialized country. America has acquired the reputation of producing shoddy goods (automobile companies report that U.S.-made cars require two or three times more servicing than comparable Japanese models). The middle class has been virtually wiped out.

—The U.S. has the most expensive and inefficient health-care system in the world. Americans still drink too much, smoke too much, and fail to wear seatbelts while driving. Yet we continue to subsidize the tobacco industry and downplay preventive medicine. After abusing their bodies for years, people turn to the Federal Government for expensive re-fits (artificial hearts, kidneys, lungs, etc.).

—Immigration is out of control. At a time when the U.S. economy was not creating enough new jobs for our own citizens, we allowed millions of new immigrants to enter. The American Southwest has become a "Hispanic Quebec." Taking their cue from Castro's success in 1980, when he released thousands of criminals, mental defectives, and deviants into Jimmy Carter's open arms, other countries likewise send political terrorists, agents, and common thugs across the porous U.S. borders.

—Our educational system has entered a new Dark Age. Prosperous countries train scientists and engineers. American schools turn out tax accountants, real-estate salesmen, and lawyers. By 2000, two-thirds of all the world's lawyers practice in the United States.

—America has become a dangerous, crime-infested country. "Gentrification" has failed in the long run, and U.S. cities are populated by the desperately poor and the criminal class. The Department of Housing and Urban Development submits a plan calling for

the federalization of large urban areas, which are then placed under martial law. The victimized poor are relocated to safe areas where housing and employment are available. The criminals and drug addicts are sent to prison camps and rehabilitation centers. It is recommended that Cleveland, for example, undergo years of salvaging for all usable materials "and then be bulldozed and its site finally reforested as a national park."

—Our groundwater is badly contaminated. (Today, groundwater supplies drinking water to half the U.S. population and to 90 per cent of rural residents. Contrary to earlier beliefs, groundwater is not immune to pollution but is actually more sensitive to contaminants than surface waters.)

—The U.S. has an international welfare load to match its domestic one. Efforts to increase exports to what a Treasury report characterizes as the "never-to-be-developed countries" have led to a dangerous overexploitation of American farmland.

LAMM DOES not believe that our future is necessarily a dark one. In the last quarter of *Megatraumas*, a new President is elected, following the "near disaster" of the Bush Administration. The fictional President Morgenstern ("morning star") manages to balance the budget and even starts paying off the national debt toward the end of his first term; means-testing for all welfare applicants leads to further budget cuts; health-care costs are reduced as prevention is stressed; the pension system is overhauled; the Federal Government regains control of our borders; our infrastructure—roads, highways, bridges, railroads, port facilities—is being rebuilt; U.S. food and economic aid is limited to countries that make genuine efforts to help themselves.

Though we are likely to differ with some of Lamm's proffered solutions—a number of which are cloaked in New Deal rhetorical garb—he has performed a valuable public service by identifying problems that we must not continue to cover over with a glaze of shallow, contrived optimism, as so many presidential contenders and think-tank spokesmen are doing at present.



M. IAN

During a 1980 symposium on "The Conservative Movement: Then and Now," Russell Kirk suggested that "It has happened from time to time in the history of civilization that a period of decadence and discouragement has been followed by a period of renewal and hope. It can be so with our American civilization." Kirk may well be correct. But for such a rebirth to occur, the potential traumas outlined by Lamm will have to be addressed with more than just another dose of patriotic (or supply-side) happy-talk. Lamm sees the United States as "a nation in liquidation." He is not alone in this concern. As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn warned a few years ago, "Seen from the outside, the massive upheaval in [American] society is approaching the limit beyond which it will become 'meta-stable' and must collapse." □

THE OTHER ISRAEL

Kathleen Christison

Conflicts and Contradictions, by Meron Benvenisti (Villard, 210 pp., \$15.95)

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, by Lesley Hazleton (Atlantic Monthly, 243 pp., \$16.95)

Heroes and Hustlers, Hard Hats and Holy Men: Inside the New Israel, by Ze'ev Chafets (Morrow, 249 pp., \$17.95)

A FEW MONTHS ago, following a trip to Israel, I was asked by an acquaintance what I had noticed most about the country, what my dominant impression had been. I hate questions like that. Did he want a word on the Israeli mood? A disquisition on the Arab-Israeli situation? Finally, unable to come up with an adequate short answer, I gave him some innocuous comment about Israeli friendliness.

He was disappointed. The answer he wanted, it turned out, had to do with what a remarkable country Israel is, a nation of heroes who have built a society and made the desert bloom against terrible odds. The old Leon Uris image. In fact, Israel is no longer the way Uris painted it, if indeed it ever was. But a surprising number of Americans still see it as a land of milk and honey, populated with supermen, and where the only problems are caused by Arabs.

Three recent books by Israeli au-

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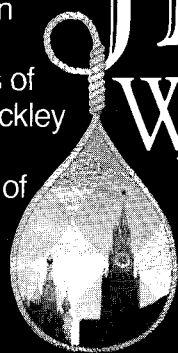


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DOUBLEDAY

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RANDOM NOTES

□ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: In *Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror-Famine* (Oxford, \$19.95), Robert Conquest provides a powerful account of Stalin's "revolution from above": ostensibly undertaken in order to collectivize Soviet agriculture; in reality to destroy the peasant class of an entire country, as well as to ruin the Ukrainian nation. Conquest's book, which draws upon interviews with survivors, upon letters, and upon the testimony of numerous Party activists and government documents, is certainly the fullest account to date of a recent historical crime.

Eisenhower: At War, 1943-1945 (Random House, \$29.95), by David Eisenhower, is the first volume of a projected three-volume work, covering its subject's role as Supreme Commander during the last year and a half of the war. The author emphasizes the political aspect of his grandfa-

ther's military activities, explaining: "That was mainly what the job was about."

In *A Machine That Would Go of Itself: The Constitution in American Culture* (Knopf, \$29.95), Michael Kammen describes how Americans' attitudes toward a document they have taken largely for granted have shifted with the vicissitudes of history.

Joan Richardson's *Wallace Stevens: The Early Years 1879-1923* (Morrow, \$21.95) is a bit heavy on the psychobiographical side, but an interesting and exhaustive volume nonetheless. . . . *We Irish: Essays on Irish Literature and Society*, by Denis Donoghue (Knopf, \$18.95), is a collection of stylishly written critical essays on Joyce and Synge, Beckett and Heaney, Maud Gonne and Yeats, et cetera.

□ COMING IN OCTOBER: *VN: The Life and Art of Vladimir Nabokov* (Crown, \$19.95), by Andrew Field, looks to be a well-researched, well-written biography based on a series of intensive interviews with the novelist, who died in 1977. —CW

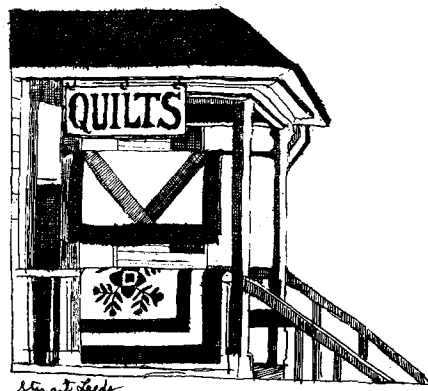
thors attempt to paint a different picture. The books, each an extended essay on the Israeli condition, approach the issue from very different perspectives, but they neatly complement each other and, undoubtedly without intending to, come to the same conclusion: that Israel is a troubled nation, increasingly nationalistic, even chauvinistic, and either unable to comprehend or unwilling to worry about where it is headed.

The first of these authors, Meron Benvenisti, is a native-born Israeli, a former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, and an outspoken critic of Israel's policies on the West Bank. His *Conflicts and Contradictions* is a call for redefining the Zionist program, for recognizing that after a century of bloodshed something must be wrong with the blueprint. Lesley Hazleton, a British-Israeli writer also critical of present Israeli policies, has written in *Jerusalem, Jerusalem* a personal lament at Israel's "growing tolerance for violence, messianism, and contempt for law." Ze'ev Chafets is a transplanted American who served for five years as director of the Israeli Government Press Office under Prime Minister Menachem Begin. His *Heroes and Hustlers, Hard Hats and Holy Men* examines Israeli society from the Right and finds it troubled and uncertain, but in no sense misguided or headed in the wrong direction.

The fundamental question addressed

by all three authors is whether Israel has changed since its founding from a nation of idealistic liberal democrats to a nation of intolerant bigots. Mr. Benvenisti and Miss Hazleton believe such a change has occurred, and regret over that change is the principal theme of their books. Mr. Chafets contends that the change has been on the surface only. The liberal-democratic image, he says, was a sham all along, and only the leadership has changed—from an unresponsive, one-party government of elitists to a government that truly represents the people in all their stridency and pluralism. Bad news is not more common, Chafets contends, only more available because the press is freer; those who long for the good old days forget that they were not that good for many Israelis.

None of the three is really wrong, but none is precisely right either; Israel has never been so black and white.



The liberal democracy of its founders was never quite a sham, but it was never either as liberal or as democratic, at least where Arabs and Oriental Jews were concerned, as Mr. Benvenisti and Miss Hazleton would have us believe. It is naïve to lament the passing of the magical old days without noting that the miracles accomplished by Zionism were miracles of a sort that happened to suit a particular type of Eastern European Jew, one with a myopic vision of Palestine as a European outpost peopled only by other Eastern Europeans.

Mr. Benvenisti does acknowledge, if not that the Zionist pioneers lacked a certain compassion for the people they were displacing, at least that the Zionist philosophy and its obsession with the land and with Jewish roots there gave today's West Bank pioneer settlers their lead and "unwittingly contributed to the loss of humanitarian values" that those settlers embody.

Mr. Chafets, on the other hand, does not worry much about humanitarian values. He does note that the Arab-initiated 1973 war engendered an insatiable hunger for physical security and that, as a result, "military power became the irreducible bottom line," but he minimizes the militancy and xenophobia—what Mr. Benvenisti calls a "sinister and reactionary" twisting of the moral basis of Zionist ideology—to which this security hunger gave rise. He dismisses the extreme nationalist Gush Emunim West Bank settlement movement as never having achieved the status of a mass movement—technically true but hardly relevant considering the powerful influence the Gush and groups like it exert on Israel's West Bank policies.

However, if Mr. Chafets ignores some important trends, he also brilliantly describes what the Israelis are really like and explains why they are that way. In fact, Mr. Chafets seems to bring a good deal of his own psychological baggage to this book, and in many ways he is the personification of everything about Israel that Mr. Benvenisti and Miss Hazleton criticize: the deep antagonism of Oriental Jews toward the Ashkenazic establishment, the pessimism and Holocaust-induced complexes, the suspicion of all goyim, and the excessive focus on Jewish solidarity.

He describes Israelis as a people who, for all their brashness, "go home

to cramped apartments to drink tea alongside gilt-framed photographs of the dead." They are afraid not primarily of the Arabs, he says in explanation of the country's turn to Menachem Begin in 1977, but of "ghosts. People were spooked by the demons of the past, and they turned to Begin, who had seen the apparitions all along."

It is here that Mr. Chafets diverges most dramatically from the attitudes of Mr. Benvenisti and Miss Hazleton, and where the most fundamental difference between the two political poles in Israel lies. Mr. Chafets speaks almost wistfully of those Israelis who, "through temperament or training," have the confidence to view the Arab-Israeli conflict "in mundane, political terms," rather than in emotional, apocalyptic, they're-all-out-to-get-us terms. Mr. Benvenisti and Miss Hazleton, by contrast, have just that "temperament or training." Neither is haunted by ghosts, and both condemn the insecure Israeli's penchant for seeing an enemy in everyone who ventures to criticize Israeli policies.

Only confidence allows Miss Hazleton to view herself through the eyes of a Palestinian and realize that, to the occupied, she appears "as much the occupier as the most violent psychopath among [Meir] Kahane's 'boys.'" Only confidence allows Mr. Benvenisti to say that Palestinians and Israelis "have been at each other's throat long enough to realize each other's sincerity." Mr. Chafets, on the other hand, hardly mentions the Palestinian-West Bank problem, devoting only 11 pages to it, fewer than to a section on two of his touted "ordinary Israelis," a restaurateur and a rock singer. He seems to conclude that the problem is insoluble and glibly to assume that it can therefore be ignored.

Mr. Chafets here reflects the prevailing attitudes in Israel. The vast majority of Israelis do not care about the occupation, and voices like Mr. Benvenisti's and Miss Hazleton's do not get through; as a result, the field is left to the religious nationalists. The descendants of the Zionist pioneers, Mr. Benvenisti says, are paralyzed when confronted by those who "never shared our parents' hopes for a reconciliation of humanism and nationalism"; humanist arguments are useless in the face of the fanatics' "countdown to Redemption," Miss Hazleton admits there is a "soft helplessness" among

those who, like herself, would change things—an inability to see clear solutions and an inability therefore to make an impact.

These books will make no difference in Israel. Mr. Benvenisti is considered a maverick; Miss Hazleton is probably not well enough known to have any influence; others like them such as the outspoken novelist Amos Oz are dismissed by the likes of Mr. Chafets as living "in a state of perpetual dissatisfaction with [their] country and its people." But the books may have an impact in the United States. They all—even Mr. Chafets's description of Israelis as a disturbed, haunted people—give eloquent testimony to the state of Israel today and may—who knows?—help overcome what Miss Hazleton has called America's "strong desire not to know . . . [to] deny the facts and blame the messengers." □

IN APPRECIATION

AENEAS AT DALLAS

Jeffrey Hart

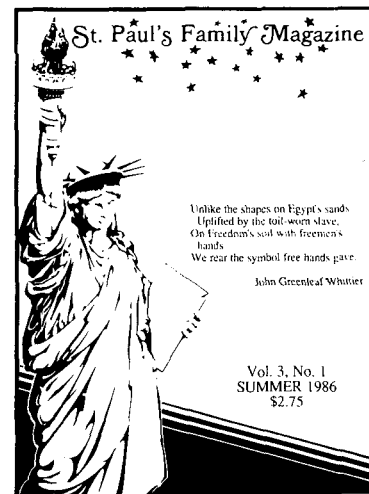
IT IS A fact unknown to my academic colleagues, and, alas, perhaps even more widely unsensed, that Professor M. E. Bradford of the University of Dallas possesses one of the most powerful and informed minds operating in the fields of American literature, cultural history, and political philosophy: powerful, informed, and extraordinarily productive; endowed, moreover, with a poetic-historical imagination not only distinctive but, I should think, unique in our day. His sensibility and learning are of a kind that cannot fail to raise profound issues whenever he writes.*

It is to be expected that such a writer would come to us with a distinctive prose style, and this is emphatically the case with Bradford. "To be a patriot is to embody our connec-

*M. E. Bradford's most recent titles are: *Remembering Who We Are: Observations of a Southern Conservative* (University of Georgia, 1985); *Generations of the Faithful Heart: On the Literature of the South* (Sherwood Sugden, 1983); *A Worthy Company: Brief Lives of the Framers of the United States Constitution* (Plymouth Rock Foundation, 1982); *A Better Guide Than Reason: Studies in the American Revolution* (Sherwood Sugden, 1979).

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tion to the national bond through devotion to a 'practice' . . . and part of that practice should be good rhetorical manners: avoiding the use of the *diabole* (making a devil of our opponent) and the *oraculum* (speaking for the gods); taking care to eschew the *epideictic* note, the air of authority, where it is out of place . . ." Bradford takes both rhetoric and the ethics of rhetoric seriously, in himself and in others. He has learned from Richard Weaver and from the Southern rhetorical tradition; he also deals as with colleagues in evoking Cicero, Vergil, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Polybius. His prose combines some Ciceronian formality with the flexibility of the speaking voice—his voice—along with a sense of audience and occasion; sentence by sentence, it realizes, in F. R. Leavis's phrase, "the body and action of the English language." Bradford's prose does not encourage a relaxation of attention, the after-dinner of-courses of establishment prose. With its wrought precisions and sense of exalted significance, it slows us down and compels our attention. It is unquestionably a *major* style, in the company of Leavis himself, Eliot, Trilling, or Blackmur before he became impossible. *What* Bradford means is fused powerfully with *how* he goes about meaning it.

All of Bradford's work is informed by a historical vision that I shall try to outline briefly without doing violence to its many nuances. A most decent and friendly Dartmouth professor of religion was quoted the other day to the effect that "many of us"—he meant college professors—"develop a long-range historical perspective. We know that America's existence is brief in a long-range historical perspective."

A principal thing Bradford knows is that this opinion is false. The settlers who arrived in Massachusetts and Vir-

ginia and elsewhere did not travel culturally naked or devoid of memory; nor did America begin in 1787 or even 1776. The Founding documents grow out of the lived experience of the colonists, not least in the colonial legislatures. They go back to the Old Whigs of 1688, and much further back still: to Coke and Bracton and the growth of the common law, to the long development of the traditions of English and Scottish legal practice, the medieval patrimony of Christendom, and *romanitas*. The Mayflower Compact of 1620 was not a "bright thought." America is not the short light of a November day. Its fathers are Aeneas and Moses, its predecessors Rome and Jerusalem.

Yes, Rome, for Bradford, and *not* Athens: for the basis of the American polity is lived practice, an important component of which is memory, an ancestrally transmitted *habitus*, and not speculation about some theoretically best of all possible arrangements.

Roman history taught that all of this was natural: a commonwealth "grown," not made; a definition by history, not by doctrine or lofty intent; and a general recognition, negotiated in the dialectic of experience, that all Americans had together a corporate destiny and would henceforth depend upon each other for their individual liberties . . . [Dignity], under a piously regarded common law, is a check upon ideology, not a source.

Thus, in America as in Rome, "remembering who we are" is a "better guide than reason"; we grew out of Livy's republic rather than Locke's state of nature.

Now we approach the heart of Bradford's historico-cultural vision: He considers that the South, more "Roman" than the North to begin with, more continuous with the Old Whigs because from the beginning less rebellious and utopian than New England

with its theocrats, was, after 1865, therefore more continuous with the whole early American Republic, the Republic of the Founders, than the rest of the country. John Adams of Braintree, John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, Patrick Henry of Virginia: Though they came from different sections, they nevertheless possessed a common patrimony, a *habitus*. The South, peculiarly, retained it; and so it is to the South that we must look to understand who "we" are.

In *A Worthy Company*, 55 brief lives of the Framers, Bradford provides conclusive demonstration that his claims about eighteenth-century America are true. "John Langdon (June 26, 1741–September 18, 1819), merchant, soldier, and political leader of New Hampshire . . ." And, for 54 more brief portraits, one sees that a less ideological company could scarcely be assembled. There was no "fresh start" here, no surprises, among these men who remembered who they were.

As already noted, Bradford considers that the South in defeat—because of defeat?—retained, profoundly and pervasively, this earlier sense of things. It resisted, it still resists—remembering, always remembering—the inroads of ideology, the reasoning from abstract definitions instead of adherence to *pietas*. The Southerner does not need some "principle," for example, to *know* that "equality of results" is a poisonously utopian idea; that unlimited immigration, whether based upon economic argument or upon some universal idea of freedom, devalues or negates the idea of citizenship; or that the legitimization of homosexuality is an impiety before the chain of generations, of men and women, parents and responsibilities. A principle is a pale thing in comparison with a way of life.

Bradford's historical conception becomes a potent enabling force in his literary criticism, which deals exclusively with Southern writers, those "generations of the faithful heart." The Southern writer, he believes, is distinctive in his relative freedom from modern alienation. The Southern writer is not alienated from his own heritage, from its history, its legends, its artifacts, or its mores. He takes his stand within the *habitus*. The literary criticism in *Generations of the Faithful Heart* is of a very high order. No one, absolutely no one, has written more

penetratingly than Bradford on the poetry of Allen Tate, for example, or John Crowe Ransom. I am not familiar with so good a commentary anywhere on the "Ode to the Confederate Dead," unquestionably a great poem, and one to which Robert Lowell felt obliged to respond in the name of New England's imaginative existence. Bradford has discovered for this reviewer, at least, the greatness of Davidson's "A Touch of Snow." Faulkner, Welty, Gordon, Warren, Lytle, Percy: All are intensely illuminated by Bradford's distinctive perspective.

Yet the question persists, after one has absorbed these four marvelous books, just how much of that older ethos now *remains* in our South of 1986. Bradford hints, here and there, at some erosion, some ideological incursions—but just how substantial has the damage been? So substantial that the South is no longer the bearer of the saving *romanitas*? In a current paper, Bradford seems to suggest that *conservatives* possess a "well-developed corporate character"—we seem here to be portable Southerners—which we endanger "through identification with the prudential decisions of the Reagan Administration . . . Our vision of the good society and of the American political tradition at its best has been pre-empted by considerations of policy or the ephemera of 'management style.'" What we appear to need from Bradford is some clarification of the location of the good society, the *lares* and *penates* of Aeneas, in post-World War II America.

It may be that the South endures. It does remain distinctive in tone and manner. (Indeed, except for Bradley of New Jersey and Dixon of Illinois the only Senate Democrats to vote recently in support of aid to the Contras came from below the old surveyors' line.) Or, if the South has changed and is changing, can the political vision be maintained, affecting modes and manners, as a republic entirety of the mind? I have no doubt that Bradford can deal with such questions.

Finally, on the evidence here before us, it seems clear that a major book by Bradford on the career of Abraham Lincoln is in the offing. Like Edmund Wilson, he views Lincoln as having infected the Republic of *virtu* with abstract ideology and a Faustian drive for power. This is an argument worth pursuing, and, whatever the final de-

termination, by no means bizarre or outlandish.

In his great poem "Aeneas at Washington," Tate had it all; Tate/Aeneas comes to the capital in the 1930s:

*I stood in the rain, far from home at
nightfall
By the Potomac, the great Dome lit
the water,
The city my blood had built I knew
no more . . .*

*Stuck in the wet mire
Four thousand leagues from the ninth
buried city
I thought of Troy, what we had built
her for.* □

FILM

ADMAN AND DAD

John Simon

NOTHING IN COMMON is like a cross between *Network* and *Terms of Endearment*, without the bitterness of the former or quite so incurable a disease as the latter, but with the dishonesty and crassness of both. It was written by two comedians, Rick Podell and Michael Preminger, and is essentially stand-up comedy taken out for a trot. Tom Hanks plays David Basner, a boy genius in the Chicago ad agency of Boyle, Gargas, and Lionel, who may become a partner if he can snag the Colonial Airlines account.

We first see him flying home from a vacation and having it off with the stewardess under a blanket in his seat—"I'm a frequent flier," he explains his bonus to a scowling fellow passenger. Next he is back at the agency, charming the pants off everyone, high and low, with his sassiness, wisecracks, off-beat inventiveness, and camaraderie. In the next scene, he has been charming off skirts again when Max, his father, full of sardonic quips and invective, rouses him from his postcoital bliss with a nocturnal phone call; it seems Lorraine, David's mother, has just walked out on Max after 36 years of marriage. David's pretty, fly-by-night bed companion stops long enough from putting her clothes on to climb onto the prone David's back. "Did your mum just leave your dad?"

she asks solicitously and adds, "People just don't seem to relate any more."

So there you have the humor of it. We're going to get some slick, fast, advertising and sex jokes in artful counterpoint with "heavy" family stuff. But what purports to be a satirical view of advertising is so affectionate and harmless that you can barely distinguish it from the jokes about the boss's toupee. Yes, Charlie Gargas (well played by Hector Elizondo)—David's boss, mentor, and friend—has some hairy misadventures with hairpieces that variously fail him. Meanwhile the brutally tyrannical ex-Marine president of Colonial Airlines has a daughter, Cheryl Ann (Sela Ward), hard as nails (the non-manicured kind, though she has the other, too) and a sort of sexy barracuda in *haute couture*, who is Colonial's media director. Though David tries to seduce her, it is she who beds him in a totally casual fashion, treats him as an enjoyable perquisite, and persuades her father to give his agency the account. She even supervises David on the commercial.

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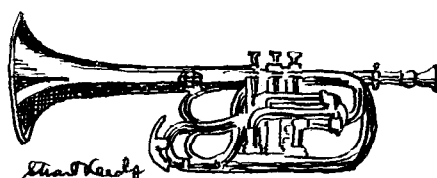
Marshall B. Coyne

also be a good one, who, as opposed to the dark Cheryl Ann, is the fair Donna (Bess Armstrong), high-school chum and subsequent lover of David's, but now just a friend who coaches drama at what seems like a high school, but nowadays may be a college. She is the one to whom David comes only when he is in trouble, yet he is unrightfully jealous of her current boyfriend, a psychologist. When David drunkenly bursts in on Donna in bed with her lover, the fellow—joke!—is therapeutically sympathetic to him.

But enough about the ad agency, complete with a preposterous commercial for Colonial and the ludicrous way it is conceived, presented to the board of directors, cast, and directed. And enough about David's sex with Cheryl Ann in various cute but tough ways, e.g., on her father's horse farm, after watching the thoroughbreds breed. (Never fear, no explicit equine sex.) On to the heavy stuff. David goes from his smart apartment to visit his father, a tough-talking, womanizing, low-brow ready-to-wear salesman. Max (Jackie Gleason) has bullied, cheated on, showed little affection for Lorraine (Eva Marie Saint) for 36 years in this dump: a cheaply furnished, dilapidated tenement fit only for proles or pigs. How come Lorraine, a sweet, long-suffering woman of taste and style (as we shall see) settled for this place and didn't, at the very least, fix it up? The truth is, Max and Lorraine are neither possible mates nor likely parents for David; they're just plot devices, manipulable puppets.

After listening to Max rant about her, David visits Lorraine, who has rented (can you believe it?) the top floor of the house of the Basners' former black maid. In no time she has turned the place into a jewel, is wearing exquisitely expensive clothes, has found a job, and is beginning to date again. But when a nice man she meets in yoga class kisses her, she goes into a tailspin. After all, she had married Max right out of convent school, and then got very little sex or loving from her husband. David comforts her.

Having just lost his wife, Max loses his touch and his job—shades of *Death of a Salesman* in these scenes. Presently, he is losing his eyesight as well, but when David drags him to an oculist, he fools David (old joke!) by going out the revolving door through



which his son watched him go in. When David notices that Max's feet have become gangrenous from diabetes, he must force Max into a hospital, where he faces a perilous operation. As it turns out, he loses only one foot and a few toes (number unspecified) off the other. Still, after a wife, a job, part of his eyesight, that's worthy of a novel by John Irving. But at least he doesn't die, and though Lorraine won't come back to him (this being a tough, new-style picture full of tough, new-style clichés), they can at last have it all out and perhaps be friends.

As for David, he discovers he loves his dad so much that he even walks out on the Colonial account by telling off Cheryl Ann's old man; he throws away both her and his job, in order to be with Max in his time of need. But not to worry: Charlie will handle the account, and even hold the job open until David sees fit to return. And dear Donna, of course, has shed the shrink and is ready and waiting. Lorraine still looks pretty terrific, and will get over her fear of being kissed. And Max and David, who thought they had nothing in common (but, oh, they did, they do—where do you think David got his wit and womanizing from?), discover that they are family, after all. And this egregious claptrap has been getting good reviews and will—as a serious comedy, no less—surely do well.

It will succeed because it is written with a modicum of sleazy wit (Max: "That nurse gives good sponge!") and a good measure of pathos (tongue-tied, to make it look authentically modern); because it is acted acceptably by Hanks and barely passably by Gleason, by whom, however, the mere undertaking of a "dramatic" role is hailed as remarkable, even if he keeps his eyes riveted to the floor all through the film (no doubt bidding farewell to his toes); and because it is directed briskly enough by Garry Marshall and coolly photographed by the able John A. Alonzo. And also, and especially, because, while poking harmless fun at a safe target, it is such an adult tear-duct-tickler and heart-warmer.

Yet *Nothing in Common* is a solid lie down to most of its details. Thus when Cheryl Ann's formidable father takes David duck shooting, every one of those dedicated hunters is seen to miss. Later, for the sake of another gag, there have to be a couple of dead ducks, but you never see them shot: That might upset the ASPCA and assorted others. But *all* the potshots the film takes are at sitting ducks. How long has it been since an American film has dared to make fun of some of the political and social realities of the country? Not since *Lost in America*, and look where that got Albert Brooks. This film doesn't even have the guts to make Donna send David to hell.

And notice those two screenwriters, Podell and Preminger. In the good old days of American film one scenarist was quite sufficient. Now, wherever you look there are two, three, four screenwriters—often two teams of two working on the same script successively. To me, that spells desperation: Let's try this! Now let's try that! How about some human-interest specialists? Okay, but then bring on the gag writers! I tell you it's desperation.

You may, of course, object that those great Italian movies of yore had anywhere from two to five writers. Yes; but, first, the director was always one of them and used the others, essentially, as extensions of himself. Second, these were usually longtime collaborators who developed joint authorial identities. (Some of the Americans may be heading that way, too, but have as yet only two or three efforts to their credit.) And, third, those were Europeans, more literate and sophisticated.

READERS HAVE written in asking why I didn't review Akira Kurosawa's *Ran*. Because I find it an almost total failure by a genius in his old age, and tearing it apart would be worse than taking candy from a baby—knocking an old man's crutch out of his hand. Kurosawa has made several masterpieces and a good many outstanding films in his long, productive life despite sad ingratitude from the Japanese film industry in his later years; that, like other major film artists (e.g., Chaplin, Buñuel, Renoir, Bresson, Welles), he should have gone into a decline with age is profoundly sad. Since I am neither a daily reviewer

performance of a virtuoso composer—and this is praise enough.

Liszt's B Minor is full of the abrupt changes in dynamics, tempos, and harmonies that are characteristic of his style. It is also full of the excitement of the chase—but when the fox has been run to ground, you almost, though not quite, say, "And?" And you wonder how critics of sensibility once said that the B Minor was a

direct descendant of Beethoven's C Minor Opus 111, his last piano sonata. For Beethoven never editorialized or allowed his thinking to be conditioned by nonmusical factors as Liszt did. He never rejected the demands of Classicism but simply expanded its perimeters to enclose his tremendous concepts and overwhelming genius.

What Liszt's piano compositions demonstrate—and they merit our full

respect and a bow to genius *manqué*—is that he was a discoverer, a Balboa of music, who saw the potential of the modern piano not as a solo instrument but as an orchestra in itself. The B Minor is not pianistic but orchestral, and that is what makes us sit up when we hear it. The Classicistic Brahms did not comprehend this, nor did others who were to follow. A performer like André Watts does, and his

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

TWENTY-NINE YEARS after its original publication by World Publishing, Ernest W. Lefever's *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy* (University Press of America, 4720 Boston Way, Lanham, Md. 20706; \$11.25, paper) retains all the freshness of its youth in a time when people were debating the Bricker Amendment, President Eisenhower's handling of the Suez crisis, and Premier Khrushchev's threat, offered to Western diplomats at a reception in Moscow: "Whether you like it or not, history is on our side! We will bury you!" This quality of freshness being inherent in truth even more than in youth, much of the book's appeal lies in simple truthfulness, while the balance is owing to the fact that the sort of truths Ernest Lefever deals in have simply not been handled in an above-board way since the late 1960s. More than a decade after Vietnam, as the country begins to creep out of its shell again, Lefever's treatise on how to conduct a responsible foreign policy that is also an *ethical* foreign policy strikes me as being more than fresh: It is positively (what's that word, now?)—positively *relevant*.

Ethics and United States Foreign Policy is, in the author's words, an attempt "to relate responsibly the moral wisdom of our Judaeo-Christian inheritance to the complex and tragic realities of world politics, and more specifically to the fateful decisions of American foreign policy." The subject—throughout Western history, but particularly during the twentieth century—has been a vexed one. There exists, Lefever writes,

a widespread and profound confusion among religious and political leaders regarding the relation of ethics to international politics . . . religion is often a source of confusion rather than under-

standing, and . . . efforts to apply morality to foreign policy frequently end in disaster. . . . "Power politics" and ethics are often thought of as mutually exclusive and morally incompatible poles or alternatives. The writer believes there is no foreign policy, however noble, which does not include "power politics," or, however cynical, which does not include moral considerations.

Lefever begins by quoting Barbara Ward's dictum of 1956 that "American foreign policy is everybody's destiny": by which he means to suggest the enormous responsibility under which American foreign-policy-makers labor, but which does sound rather quaint almost a third of a century later. However, it does make a good stepping-off point for Lefever's assertion that argumentation based on the assumption of a moral parity between the United States and the Soviet Union is based on neither objective nor subjective reality. Since that asseveration does not of itself contradict Woodrow Wilson's belief that "It is a very perilous thing to determine the foreign policy of a nation in terms of the material interest," Lefever counters with the observation that the "material interest" is "inextricably bound up with such trans-material objectives as the preservation of religious liberty and freedom of assembly." He continues:

The pursuit of national interests is wrong only when these interests are not true to the central national purpose or when the national purpose is itself morally unjustifiable. It is one thing for Germans to support national interests and objectives as defined by the Nazi government. It is quite another thing for Germans to support the national objectives as understood by the Bonn government of 1957. If the national purpose of the United States is conceived in terms broad enough to take

into account the interests and rights of other peoples and nations, and if our more specific purposes are appropriate to this purpose, it is morally right for our government to pursue a foreign policy based upon the national interest.

Concurrently with the "Christian" critique of "power politics" and "secret diplomacy" arose the cry for "open covenants openly arrived at" and "people's diplomacy." People's diplomacy—or diplomacy conducted on-stage publicly, with a lot of din and semaphoric gestures, like bad opera—approached its apotheosis with the Babel at Turtle Bay; and Lefever, after having delivered himself of a few sage reflections on the subject of this sort of diplomacy as a contradiction in terms, addresses the question of what role is proper to a mass democratic society concerned (more or less) with issues of foreign policy. His answer: That knowledgeable and articulate portion of the public whose attitudes are classified as "public opinion" should concern itself with maintaining a climate of opinion reflective of the deepest, most humane values upon which its society and its government rest, and leave the details to the experts.

In 1957, following the great, though strenuous, successes of two wars, the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan, the Berlin Airlift, Suez, Indonesia, and the spectacle of an irate red-faced Ukrainian peasant waving his fists and screaming threats of burial alive, the American people and their governors were in need of reassurance, not only that vigilance would be eventually rewarded, but that it was, moreover, justifiable in moral terms. In his first book, Ernest Lefever tried to tell them that it was: Today, 29 years and some 15 Lefever titles later, he is trying to tell them—again. □

playing of the B Minor rocks our speakers. Liszt would nod his appreciation. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE REDNECK IN CANADA

D. Keith Mano

WENT OUT with a girl once looked just like Canada, yup. Had this real *sweet* face. Built solid's a walk-in freezer, she was. But you could see dimness floatin' all round her head. A halo of it, sorta. Knew bang off I was datin' Lenny's sister. Canada, now—well, let us say it is certain pleasurable t'be in a place what got even less history than the U. S. of A. Right along with Antarctica. Their flag is something tedious, too: should be stuck on a jug fulla generic maple syrup. They held Canada Day up there last month, and no one could remember why for sure.

But the lady wife and me figured no sense givin' Moomer Ka-whosis a clean shot at us, and Canada would be safe 'cause Americans look like Canadians, except you notice Canadians are preternatural calm. Don't know why—heck, soon's we got over that border the speed limit went clear to a hundred. I pumped and humped my accelerator all day long, just keepin' up. (Gas, which they sell at gas bars, shot down around forty cents.) And, thank you, I didn't careter have an accident, since what every doctor in Ontario had gone on strike. Seems they want t'charge extra, over and above what is set out by the government price menu—in case they're better at it than a next doctor. Sounds sensible t'me. Specially as when I'd ask for a double butter pat on my crow-sant the waitress'd extra bill me 15 cents.

But mo-tel life is grand, no matter where, like havin' your own full-time *au pair* girl along. A ste-rile kinda sensualness goes with it. Mean to say, you're all the while in your bedroom, which can be, well, *conducive*. Otherwise we wenter see some half-good Shakespeare at Stratford—Stratford is just about the only place in Canada

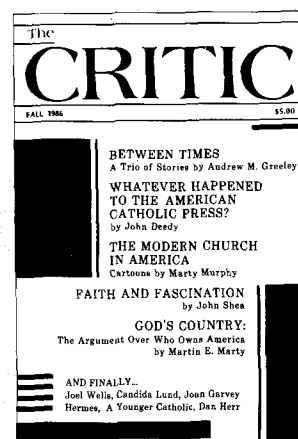
where Canadian actors work, every other one havin' gone to New York. Fact, I reckon Canada'd go bust if we put a tariff on culture. America makes their TV and film and baseball (*frappe un coup de circuit*, if you can believe that). They hire Garry Trudeau to insult us from far off. (Canada is so slow they've just invented punk in Montreal.) In return for all which we get lots of junk lumber dumped on us.

Not that they're grateful worth a bingo marker, no. We hit Canada about when the Liberty foofaraw got struck up back home. You might thought Americans were rapin' a Care Bear in New York. One political cartoon had Miss Liberty in a wet T-shirt (*gilet mouillé*, as they say up around Montreal) with HYPE on it. Another had her torch dry-roastin' Third World folk. No wonder you can't get six good American bits for a Canadian dollar. I'll read you from one awful typical page-wide *Toronto Star* article—"Land of Broken Promises," they called it. "Poverty, discrimination, poor health care, low-paying jobs, and wide-open gun laws combine to produce a life for some—especially blacks, Hispanics, and Asians—that seems unaffected by decades of social progress. Often, these Americans have seen their civil liberties violated and their jobs jeopardized. They feel abandoned by the rich and ignored by the policies of President Reagan." Well, sure. And across the border in Maine (where scenery is jigsaw-puzzle gorgeous) our *Québécoise* waitress was calculatin' how to wangle her green card so she could be repressed on a more regular basis down here.

Quebec City is marvelous foreign. Got inter our AAA-approved mo-tel room at 8 P.M. and set the TV on. Start t'miss Dan Rather the way you miss a *condition*, such as post-nasal drip. Lo and bedagnab, there I see four tong-nude Swedish girls, doin' boocoo cooch. XXXX-rated frugelin' right where I could of brung my five-year-old, if'n I had one. Natural, the lady wife, who was raised particular fine, gets all aghast. Now three Swedish men have joined in this here acrobat act. Everybody is gaspin' and haloooin' their general pleasure, fit to scare the carthorse. And, worse luck, just then we hear some folk pass beside our room. They are snickerin' rather low and snide. Well, the lady wife is mortified. "They'll think we're at it," she

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by Andrew M. Greeley

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says. God forbid that, you know. So I gotta run outside and yell across six parked cars, "It was only the TV, honest. It was only the TV."

I guessed maybe we caught some closed-circuit mo-tel TV, like they offer with *lits d'eau* in Montreal, but no. Next day we run across a Quebec-resident Toronto woman who said this was regular prime-time programmin'. Put that on your *croque monsieur* and gnaw at it. French-Canadian people can be mucho permissive in standard sexual hee-haw, but for any deviation they got less patience than Aunt Lula-bell might. And, of course, they're French chauvinist. The public library, we was told, had no more'n seventy books in English, less than they do up for German, and most of those was bodice-buster romance stuff. They love French, but they speak it like I speak American, in a gruesome rustic accent. Our friend opined as how, since they're bi-lingual (though they won't confess it easily) *Québécois* come to pronounce French without movin' their lips—which you can do all right for English. In French, howsomever, it sound like maybe you're tryin' t'belch through a keyhole and bag it on the other side.

But Canada was restful pleasant overall. Sort of like sleepin' for a week. We saw St. Anne de Bow-pray with all her crutches. And Fort Henry was well done, though nothin' never happened there. Also a swell cat show in Montreal. American TV is generally more engrossin' when you can't figure it out for the French. But I understand now why we gave pardon t'all our draft evaders. They'd suffered enough from dullness in Canada. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

God's Fool: The Life and Times of Francis of Assisi, by Julien Green (Harper & Row, 273 pp., \$16.95)

AFTER READING one of the many insipid lives of the saints, Léon Bloy wrote in his diary: "Really, one has to have great love for the saints to swallow such mediocre books! I think . . . the ecclesiastical authorities and the superiors of the Orders should implore on their knees the true artists to write and reveal to the world the lives of the saints." One can safely guess that Bloy would have applauded the biog-

raphy of St. Francis written by Julien Green. Since his first novel appeared in 1926, Green—born in 1900 in Paris, the son of American parents—has created a striking gallery of characters, and anyone familiar with his literary work will readily understand his fascination for St. Francis. Preferring "saints of fire to saints of ice," Green, who converted to Roman Catholicism in 1916, wanted to be like Francis, who gave himself to God when he was only 25. In 1924 Green wrote a little book, a *Pamphlet against the Catholics of France*, in which he explained that he was furious at the discovery that he was not a saint. He lost his faith, returning to the Church only on the eve of the Second World War. Joergensen's biography of the Italian friar impressed Green deeply, giving him "unutterable interior joy." He must have seen in the life of Francis the spiritual vertigo that one finds in his own fiction. He wondered whether "Christ did not offer us His Gospel a *second* time during St. Francis's life" (Diary, July 12, 1943). Now, near the end of his own life, Julien Green offers us the biography of his favorite saint, and it is a radiant book. Indeed, it seems to cast a new light on everything Green has written, even on his most tormented characters. The world of Francesco de Bernardino was very much like ours: French fashions, license, sensuality, greed, permissiveness . . . And Francis wanted, above all, glory. "He desired," Green observes, "exactly what he would later despise." Then, unexpectedly, the call from God: "Francis, repair my house." It was April 10, 1206. The renewed faith of Francis sent shock waves through Christendom. True faith unsettles everything. This book will be upsetting both to rationalists and to those Catholics whose faith is mere habit or custom. It is books like this one that help dissolve the foggy notion we have of holiness. Francis changed but he was still Francis, and we should be grateful to Green for showing the real man so well.

ALVARO DE SILVA

LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 26)

mocracy, on the grounds that this is plainly an unjust system (treating unequals equally) and a cause of dangerous instability in foreign affairs. If

the threat were taken seriously, there would surely be an indignant response along the lines of "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute." Why should anyone expect that the Afrikaners, whose whole history centers on a defiant trekking away rather than submitting to interference, would react differently?

The immediate philosophical obstacle on which both the EPG and Sir Geoffrey Howe inevitably foundered was their desire, indeed their demand, for a "nonracial solution." The whole problem of South Africa lies in its jigsaw of races and tribes, ranging from the totally civilized, who might be living in Surrey or Connecticut, to savages hardly out of the Stone Age. To give them all an equal vote in a unitary state would be, by any rational criterion, disastrous, not only to the whites but to most of the blacks and certainly to the Indians, whom the blacks loathe. To start from the premise that any solution must be non-racial renders everything that follows vain. □

LETTER FROM A FRIEND

(Continued from page 31)

do to make gay-rights laws unnecessary? Would television evangelists give up fag-baiting, their favorite fundraising technique? Would Joe forgo the strategy of implying that to tolerate homosexuality is to tolerate anything?

But perhaps giving up a treasured demonology is too much to ask of any person or group that lives its life in the polemical trenches. Here's something easier, then:

While conservatives bloviate about protecting boys from gays, but seldom about protecting girls from straights, it might be appropriate to think about protecting gay kids from the hostile straight world. An effeminate adolescent male from a poor family is often thrown out by his parents, beaten up by his peers, harassed by the law, damned by his church, flunked by his school, raped by the street gangs, mocked by the public, and ignored by conservatives, until the City of New York sets up a special school for his kind. Then, noting the name of an organization for the Protection of Gay Youth, NR sarcastically asks, "Protect from whom?" From those who think that, since there is nothing worse than homosexuality, their violence is the

wrath of God. Ideas do have consequences.

To end on a more cheerful note, I seem to remember an *Animal Crackers* cartoon in which an elephant was stomping on flowers. "I just don't like pansies," he explained. If *NR* had been equally candid and brief, we would all be better off.

As always,
"John Woolman"

KNIGHT

(Continued from page 44)

the political fallout from the death-penalty issue and has advised Democrats not to take a stand on the Bird reconfirmation. Of the death penalty itself, he has merely noted that "there are some people that obviously ought to go on and meet their Maker." More and more Democrats seem to feel just that way about Justice Bird. She has received little support from the state Democratic Party, which is still reeling from the 1984 election and continuing growth in Republican voter registrations. Liberal Democrats would like to see her retain her seat so she could continue to construct legal scaffolding for progressive causes (such as voiding initiative measures to undo the Democrats' gerrymandering of Assembly districts, or giving blessings to a Democratic challenge to the legitimacy of new registrations because of errors such as typos). But most Democratic leaders seem unwilling to take the risks that might save her.

At a fundraiser last year in San Francisco keynoted by Warren Beatty, Justice Bird tried to rally the troops. As the *Los Angeles Times* noted, "The dinner attracted interest as much for who didn't attend as for who did." San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein, "who was sworn into office by Bird and listed as honorary chair of the dinner, declined" to speak or appear. Jerry Brown also skipped the event, as did Democratic Congressman Tony Coelho, who, according to reports, was across the street at another hotel and "didn't walk over."

So who was wining and dining Justice Bird? Some foes of the death penalty, some party activists, but mostly lawyers who specialize in personal-injury cases. For, although the death-penalty cases have been drawing the most publicity, the court's decisions on damage recovery in personal-injury

suits have changed the face of public liability. The lawyers say they support Justice Bird because they believe in an "independent judiciary." But they also believe in contingency fees, and they have benefited greatly from the Bird Court's record in tort law.

In California under Justice Bird, suing municipalities and government agencies has become ever easier and more attractive. A number of California towns have been socked with multimillion-dollar liability judgments for injuries for which they are not conceivably to blame. A jury recently awarded \$6 million against the city of Newport Beach, for example, to a young man who paralyzed himself by diving into the ocean near the shore.

The trial lawyers, not surprisingly, are delighted with this trend. Some big firms have ponied up for Justice Bird's war chest, and the largest single contribution to her campaign—\$110,000—was supplied by the California Trial Lawyers Association.

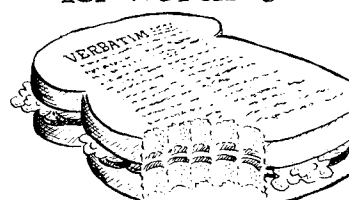
In addition to the financial and legal difficulties spawned by the court's tort decisions, some observers are concerned that the rulings are having an even more profound political effect. "What they are trying to do is to convert the tort system into a system of social welfare," Berkeley law professor John G. Fleming told the *California Journal*. By siding with the plaintiff in personal-injury suits against a government agency, the court creates legal obligations for the agency, thus expanding the agency's role without legislative sanction. Following the Bird Court's lead, lower courts have mandated expenditures for abortions and other services that were not specifically funded by the legislature.

Still, though tort law may be a sexy issue for lawyers and insurance companies, the November election is more

likely to turn on the death-penalty issue. There's something about child murderers getting off on technicalities that motivates even the most bored constituents.

Should the critics knock off Justices Bird, Reynoso, and Grodin, only one radical opponent of the death penalty would remain on the seven-member court. There would be at least two Deukmejian nominees remaining and, if the Duke is re-elected, there would be five. In the current climate, such an opportunity might just be enough to draw out the great numbers of California voters enraged by crime and radicalized by Rose Bird. □

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GRAND OPERA

NEW YORK, AUG. 8

IN THE SAME week in which the Judiciary Committee was grilling William Rehnquist, the Senate voted by an overwhelming margin to continue to submit its activities to television coverage. And no wonder. Politicians, one supposes, ought not to be condemned for acting like politicians. On the other hand, non-politicians ought not to be condemned for revealing disgust when they do this on a grand-opera scale. Messrs. Kennedy, Biden, and Metzenbaum needed only Puccini for their act.

To begin with, there is the premise: that by moving from his present seat, whence he has been judging the living and the dead for 14 years, to the central seat, where, in addition to writing opinions, he would as Chief Justice assign opinions to a member of the voting majority, William Rehnquist would traduce republican institutions. The premise is preposterous. It is true that the Court is due to swing a little in the direction of a) the public sentiment, and b) traditional views of the role of the Supreme Court. The two coincide at this moment in American history, and it is at the very least anti-democratic to assume that the Republic is endangered by self-government, and melodramatic to assume that a more moderate Court than those we have been used to is menacing to our institutions.

There being no absolute fixes on legislators' ideological inclinations, one uses those of the Americans for Democratic Action, and they are pretty reliable. The man landing from Mars could with some security look at a senator's ADA rating and predict how he would probably vote on the economy, on foreign policy, and on social issues. The three senators who are giving Mr. Rehnquist a hard time have a combined ADA score of 260. Maximum possible is three hundred. These are the gentlemen who are afraid that Mr. Rehnquist is not in the mainstream of America.

Now, all of the spelunking into Rehnquist's past has yielded only one concrete problem, and that is in two parts. Did Mr. Rehnquist "harass" minority voters in 1962—question number one—and did he lie when he said he had done no such thing—question number two.

For absolutely unfathomable reasons, we have not seen Mr. Rehnquist's champions make the point, nor has he himself made it, that up until we discovered Pure Democracy in 1964, we used to insist that people who voted should also be able to read and write. Under the circumstances, it was not an act of harassment to hold up a piece of paper with, let us say, "John hit the baseball" written on it, and to ask the aspirant voter what was written on that piece of paper. If Mr. Rehnquist had said that he stood by the polls administering a literacy test, it is hard to think that anyone would accuse him of genocidal prejudices. However, he has said that he did not even do that, so the Gang of Three brought in four people from Arizona who said that in fact he had done it. The only defense against this flat contradiction is mistaken identity, and calm observers of the scene reasonably incline to that answer. No one has ever accused William Rehnquist of lying. To lie about a point without legal or moral substance would be not only iniquitous, but stupid. No one has ever accused William Rehnquist of stupidity.

REALLY, it is a grotesque spectacle, watching Senator Kennedy, with his background, accusing Justice Rehnquist, with his background, of evasion, hypocrisy, and contempt for unfortunate people. But the bitter-end liberals are playing for very high stakes. Reagan's popularity is up in the vicinity of 65 per cent. He won every state

in the Union except Fritz's home state. Massive gerrymandering by Democratic legislatures around the country has given the House of Representatives a 60 to 40 Democratic lead, notwithstanding the 60 to 40 lead given to Reagan the last time he ran for office. Even with that lead, the Republican reforms, one after another, have been making their way through Congress. Comes now an attempt to enhance the conservative position on the Supreme Court: That, they judge, is a burden they cannot accept.

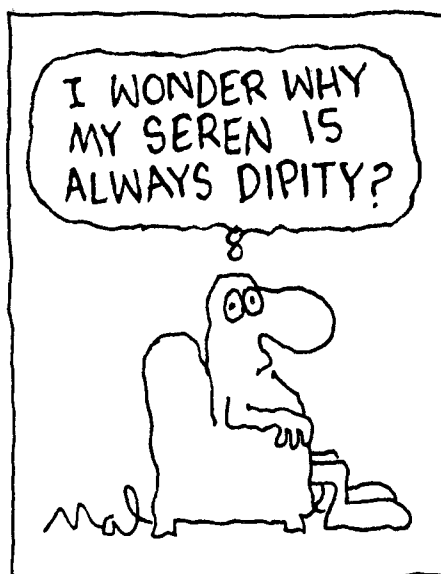
It is overwhelmingly probable that Mr. Rehnquist will prevail, that he will be named Chief Justice, and that he will set a new standard for eloquence and lucidity. Meanwhile, he is docile, humble, very nearly masochistic in what he is prepared to take from his inquisitors. It is entirely possible that the bullying, combined with such brazen polemical opportunism, will catch the public's attention in a way that is unmistakable to politicians. If so, the curtain will quickly come down on the delirium being promoted by the senators, and historical footnotes will record that they voted against William Rehnquist, a diminishing and disgraced minority. □

REPEAL 22?

NEW YORK, AUG. 15

THE TELEVISION NEWS in particular has taken to inviting people seriously to weigh the possibility that, in deference to the popularity of Ronald Reagan, a constitutional amendment will be passed repealing the amendment that limits a President to two terms. Concerning all of which, a few observations:

1. The Twenty-Second Amendment was a reaction to Franklin Delano Roosevelt in three parts. There was, to begin with, the sentiment to continue the tradition of a President's retiring after two terms. Then there was the reaction that followed the news that gradually leaked out about the semi-invalid we had elected for a fourth term. The show put on by FDR and his doctors during 1944 was one of the great deceptions in American history. It transpired that well before he accepted renomination, FDR had been told by his doctors that he should limit his workload to two



or three hours a day . . . There are those who wish he had limited his workload to zero hours per day, going back to 1933, and that is the third element that contributed to the passage of the Twenty-Second Amendment: the anti-Roosevelt sentiment. Elmer Davis, the populist-intellectual who ran several of FDR's wartime programs, denounced it as "an act of retroactive vindictiveness." "They couldn't beat him while he was alive," he said (or words to the same effect), "so kick him around when he's dead."

The amendment passed a Republican Congress in March of 1947, and was ratified by the 36th state in February of 1951, the speed a little grudging, but suggesting a reflective resolution, by the people, that the unwritten code of two terms should be explicitly reinstated.

2. Ronald Reagan, speaking in Texas a couple of weeks ago, was clearly being kitenish with the crowd when he said, "One more try?" The crowd roared, even as they roared for Roosevelt at the convention in July 1944 that nominated him for a fourth term.

Now, if the repeal of the Twenty-Second Amendment were to become a serious proposal, almost certainly the wording of it would be as direct as the version already proposed by Representative Guy Vander Jagt. It doesn't take a lot of language to repeal an amendment. When the Twenty-Second was passed, Congress needed a sentence the effect of which would be not to affront Harry Truman. The amendment says that any President who has served for more than two years in a term to which another person was elected, and has served a full term besides, can't serve again. Truman became President a few months after the re-election of Roosevelt and would have been prevented from running again in 1952 save for the sentence, "But this Article shall not apply to any person holding the office of President when this Article was proposed by the Congress . . ."

3. Ronald Reagan has indeed come out several times in favor of the proposition that if the people want to elect a President for three or more terms, that ought to be their business. But he has always been careful to say that this excludes him.

Almost certainly he is sincere in saying so, but one step might be taken to remove the proposed debate from partisan contention, namely, to write into the legislation the reverse of the clause used for Truman: i.e., a clause that would exclude any President in office at the time the amendment was passed from the possibility of a third term. There cannot be a clean debate on the issue if it is viewed as animated by a desire to draft Ronald Reagan for a third term.

4. What would be best of all, in the judgment of some, is a defeat of the pro-

posed repeal, whatever its language. Against the proposition that a democratic people should have the right to continue whoever is in power for whatever period they want is the republican tradition of the citizen-leader, the Cincinnatus who lays down his plow to serve, and picks up his plow again, having served. If we do get into the business of amending terms, we should go in the direction of a single term (six years), a reform an endless list of political thinkers, Left and Right, has endorsed, but which has never taken flight.

What then is likeliest to happen? Nothing. □

ONE AT A TIME

NEW YORK, AUG. 11

WE INTERRUPT the national search to establish what if anything Associate Justice William Rehnquist said to citizens approaching a polling booth in Arizona ten years before he became a member of the Supreme Court 14 years ago—to report on an enterprise that gives one of those Fourth of July tingles that occasionally remind us a) that the U.S.A. is a pretty special place, and b) that it could be a lot better.

The story begins with a highly successful New York businessman, Mr. Gene Lang, who was asked to address the eighth-grade graduation ceremonies in the school he had attended. He prepared one of those pretty speeches, what one might call Horatio Alger boilerplate, about how glorious was the future of the young American graduating from junior high. But on the way to the ceremony he surveyed the figures. Of one hundred children who matriculate in New York City high schools, 25 will graduate. And only one-half of those will qualify to go on to a city college.

Mr. Lang threw away his speech and said to the students: Here are the statistics you face. Now if you bring yourself to overcome the odds, I will pay your college tuition. He is now financing the tuition of the overwhelming majority, in college.

Peter Flanigan, a cosmopolitan banker associated with the firm of Dillon Read, and sometime assistant to President Nixon, pondered the story and came upon an extraordinary anomaly. Whereas 75 per cent of New York City public-school children don't graduate from high school, 96 per cent of those who attend Catholic-run schools do graduate, and three-quarters of them go on to college. Is this effected by expelling all backward or unruly children? It turns out that the parochial schools expel a smaller percentage of students than the public schools send to correctional institutions.

Well then, surely there is a line ten miles long of applicants for admission to

the parochial schools? Negative. There are hundreds of empty seats: The parents—or, rather, the parent, in most cases—don't have the money.

An organization called Student/Sponsor Partnership was born. Individual New Yorkers are invited to sponsor a student selected by the administrators of Cardinal Hayes High School (for boys) or Cathedral High School (for girls). Requirements: The selected student must not be a genius (they can take care of themselves) or an imbecile (waste of any school's time). He must come from a single-parent home, the parent on welfare. The sponsor contracts a) to put up \$1,500 per year for his student; b) to make himself (or herself) accessible to encourage the student and to keep an eye on the student's progress; and c) to consult periodically with a special counselor whom the schools bring in to monitor the student's progress, get him out of bed if he is playing hooky, advise him on his work, and make provisions for extra work as required.

Now, the ethnic mix in the schools we speak of is indistinguishable as between the Catholic schools and the public schools. Roughly, it is 55 per cent black, 45 per cent Hispanic. One-third of the students attending the two Catholic high schools are non-Catholic. The program, which will be tax-deductible, is nonsectarian. It is a brand-new idea, but already the Student/Sponsor organization has lined up sponsors for twenty boys and 12 girls beginning in September. The program is being administered by Mrs. Cynthia Haueter, whose address is Apartment 5E, 333 East 68th Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. Some sponsors who cannot afford the \$1,500 put up a part of it, the balance coming from someone else, the question of who will act as the personal sponsor left open for solo-monic dispensation.

SO THERE we are . . . There is the ugly residue left in one's thinking on this matter, namely why on earth are the public schools doing such a lousy job, given the identical raw material? But the invitation is not to invidious comparison, rather to the satisfaction of knowing how, by relatively small exertions, individual lives can be changed. The difference between graduating from high school and going on to college, and dropping out at age 15 or 16, can mean the difference between a lifetime spoiled, and a lifetime consumed. Mr. Flanigan points out that many affluent New Yorkers drive right by the Bronx every day. They have it within their power to pull an individual human being away from the ghetto.

And the problems of New York are, in this respect, not different from the problems of other great municipal centers in America. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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HOLY SPIRIT, YOU who solve all problems, light all roads so that I can attain my goal. You who give me the divine gift to forgive and forget all evil against me; in all instances of my life You are with me. I want, in this short prayer, to thank You for all things as You confirm once again that I never want to be separated from You. In spite of all material illusion, I wish to be with You in eternal glory. Thank You for Your mercy toward me and mine. Prayer should be said for three consecutive days. Prayer should be published immediately after favor is granted without mentioning favor. Print only your initials at the bottom. T.R.

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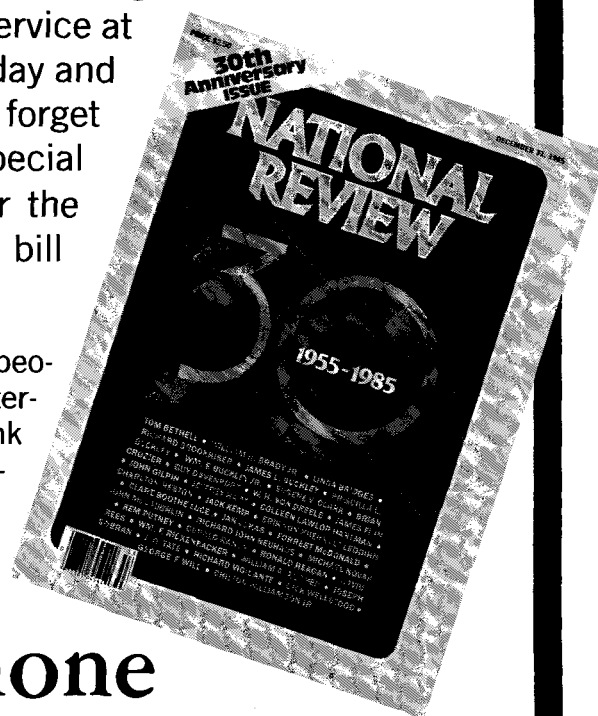
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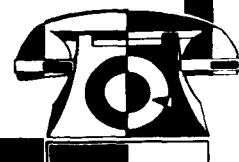


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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Walter Gropius's school	117 169 84 69 57 133 17
B. Fill with life	80 38 8 108 154 26 137 114 52 125
C. Sea denizen	29 98 85 135 170 44 126
D. Old Testament book	106 63 94 167 21 3 145 74 45
E. Newspaper's internal watchdog	101 147 31 173 5 77 160 23 165
F. Yale site	162 116 47 83 34 156 9 102
G. Like a brawny seaman	81 103 174 43 153 62 11
H. Child of Uranus and Gaea	142 37 68 86 109
I. City in eastern Wisconsin	73 152 104 56 13 25 143
J. Reluctant to speak (hyph.)	99 18 42 124 163 50 1 134 58 32
	76
K. Cold feeling	53 95 159 20 35 78 150 172

L. Style of military dress	168 120 27 140 16 2 49 59 90 130
M. Auricular	96 123 164 55
N. Word with Cross or lights	166 146 131 7 122 107 60 87
O. Small flood	139 10 157 93 111 144 61
P. A children's charity (acronym)	149 41 100 12 70 129
Q. Way to prepare eggs	132 22 151 88 72
R. Competent	119 15 128 6 39 64 161 75 110
S. Sixties mode of expression	65 112 148 136 4 46 121 33 82 92
	105 155 19
T. Charm	24 171 97 48 36 115 54 67
U. The rest	66 79 91 28 141 113
V. Inventor	127 158 30 71 89 14 51 138 40 118

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 62 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 J		2 L	3 D	4 S	5 E		6 R	7 N		8 B	9 F	10 O	11 G	
12 P	13 I	14 V	15 R	16 L	17 A	18 J	19 S	20 K		21 D	22 Q	23 E	24 T	
25 I	26 B	27 L	28 U		29 C	30 V	31 E	32 J	33 S	34 F	35 K	36 T		37 H
38 B		39 R	40 V	41 P	42 J	43 G	44 C	45 D	46 S		47 F	48 T	49 L	50 J
	51 V	52 B	53 K	54 T	55 M	56 I		57 A	58 J	59 L	60 N	61 O	62 G	63 D
64 R	65 S		66 U	67 T		68 H	69 A	70 P		71 V	72 Q	73 I	74 D	75 R
76 J	77 E		78 K	79 U		80 B	81 G		82 S		83 F	84 A	85 C	86 H
87 N		88 Q	89 V	90 L	91 U	92 S	93 O		94 D	95 K	96 M	97 T	98 C	99 J
100 P	101 E	102 F		103 G	104 I	105 S	106 D	107 N		108 B	109 H		110 R	111 O
112 S		113 U	114 B	115 T	116 F		117 A	118 V	119 R	120 L	121 S	122 N		123 M
124 J	125 B	126 C		127 V	128 R	129 P	130 L	131 N		132 Q	133 A	134 J	135 C	136 S
137 B	138 V		139 O	140 L	141 U		142 H	143 I	144 O		145 D	146 N	147 E	148 S
149 P	150 K	151 Q	152 I	153 G		154 B	155 S	156 F	157 O	158 V	159 K	160 E	161 R	162 F
163 J		164 M	165 E		166 N	167 D	168 L	169 A	170 C	171 T	172 K	173 E	174 G	

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